

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.





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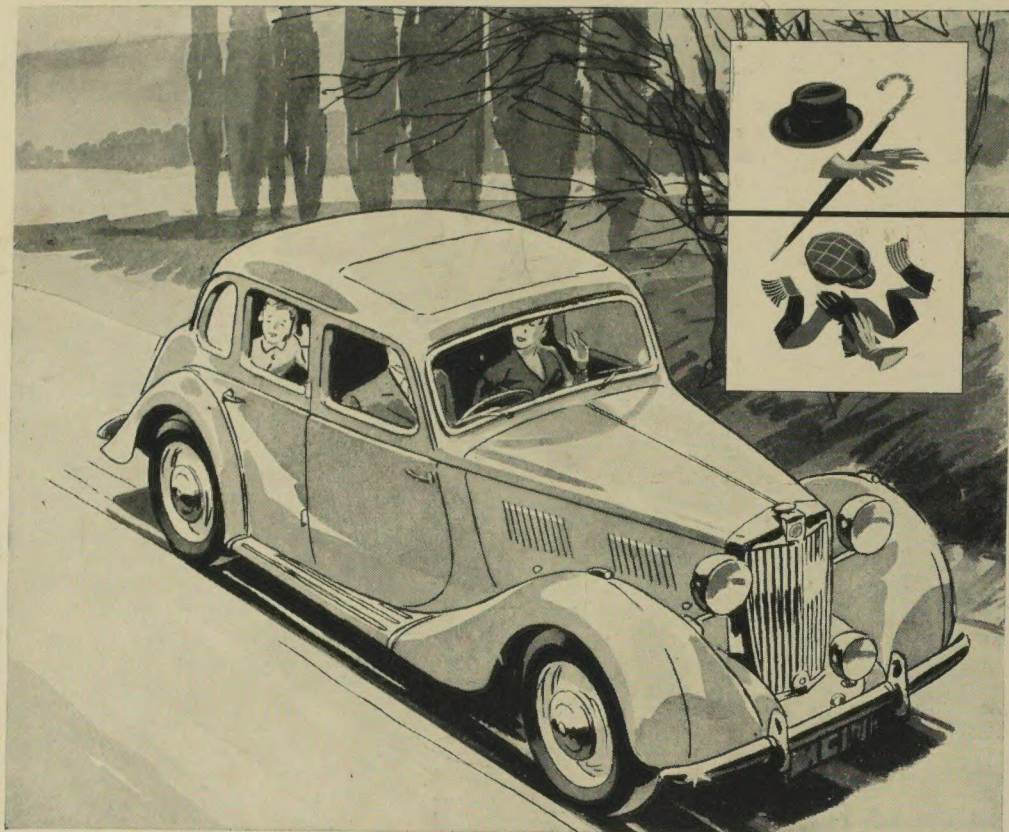
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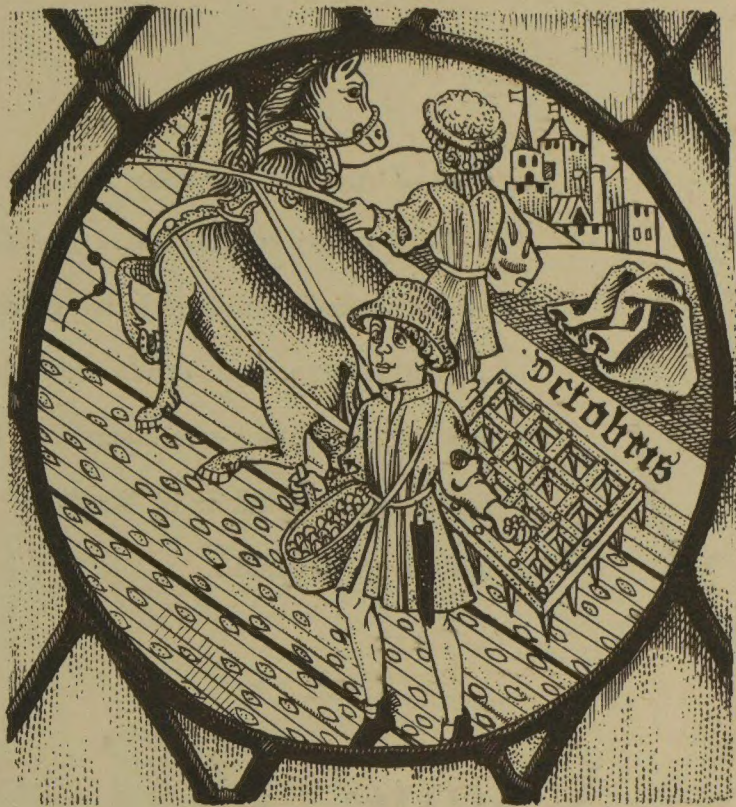


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POTASSIUM

POTASSIUM, an element vital to all living matter, occurs abundantly in the form of mineral salts and in rocks such as felspar and muscovite. Potassium salts, commonly referred to as "potash" are essential to agriculture and today over 90 per cent of the world's production of potash goes to the manufacture of fertilizers. Potash is obtained from the waters of salt lakes such as the Dead Sea, but for many years the most important single source of potassium minerals has been the Stassfurt deposits in Saxony, where more than one-and-a-half million tons are mined annually. Of far greater importance to Britain, however, is the discovery of extensive potash deposits in North Yorkshire. I.C.I. prospecting has recently shown that these could make Britain self-supporting in potash for at least 140 years. Potassium

compounds are important in many industries. Potassium aluminium sulphate — or "alum" — is used extensively in tanning, dyeing and textile printing, and potassium carbonate in the manufacture of certain kinds of glass. Potassium chlorate is one of the chemicals used in the manufacture of fireworks and safety matches, and permanganate of potash, potassium bromide and potassium iodide are well known in medicine and photography. I.C.I. uses large quantities of potash in the production of Concentrated Complete Fertilizers for agriculture. It also makes potassium nitrate (saltpetre) for the manufacture of blasting powder and potassium hydroxide which is used in making soap, fine chemicals and heavy chemicals such as potassium cyanide for electroplating.



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CELESTA a delicate pale dry Fino
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a Churchman's No. 1*



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to
The late King George VI



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Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H. M.
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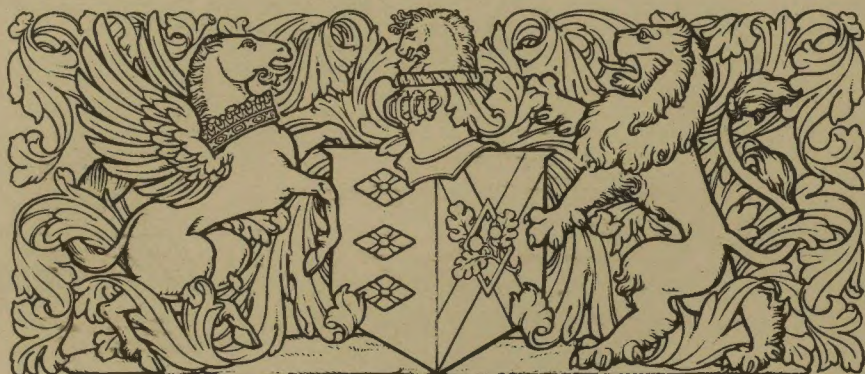


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—CHARLES KINGSLEY



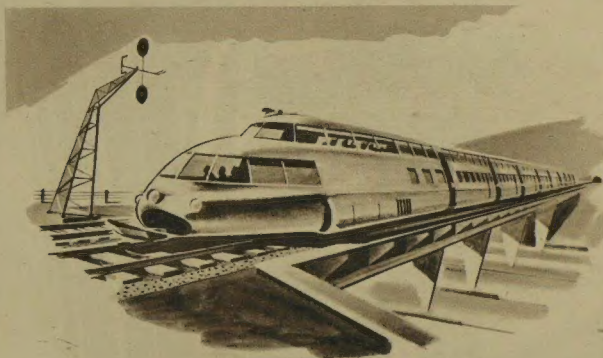
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No trailing sparks, not a snort or a shriek as the 6.35 pulls out from Platform 3. The steam dragon has its rivals now in the shape of the gas-turbine and the diesel. In years to come . . .

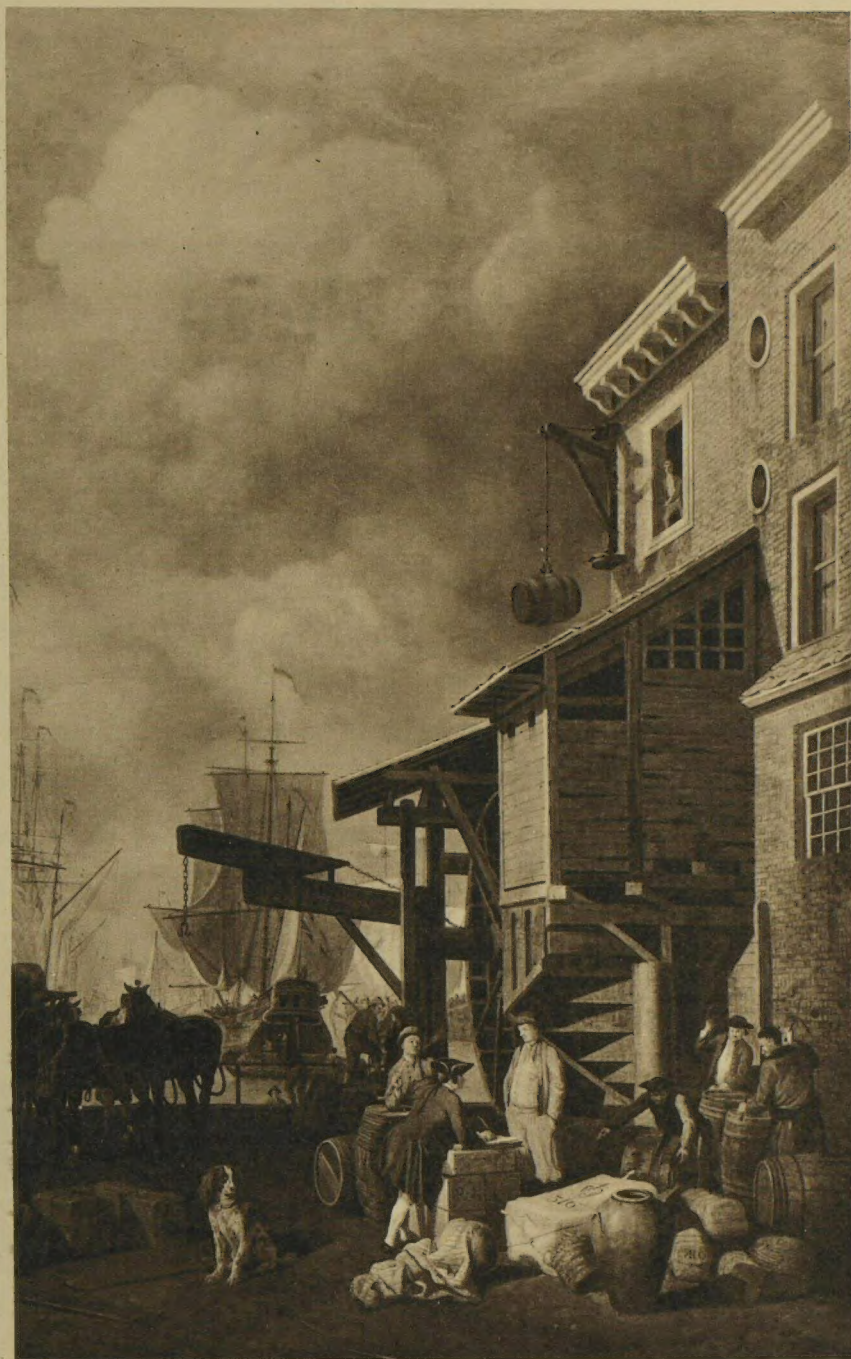
Who can say? In the future your seat may be facing an engine capable of hauling a 600-ton load from London to Plymouth, in dead silence, on an egg-cupful of fuel. Your very small talk may be of relative thermal efficiencies . . .

And if you get there on time, in a third of the time, without hitch in your plans or smut on your collar, will you sigh for the lost romance of steam as you beckon your helicoptercab? Or thank Progress for progressing, and TI for the very practical help which they habitually lend to the turning of dreams into reality?

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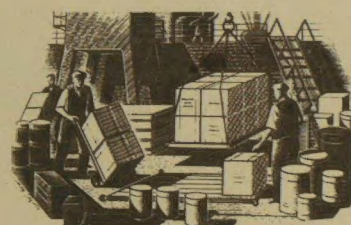
THE CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY

THIS REPRODUCTION of the painting by Samuel Scott (1702-1772), now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is an early example of the application of art to the romance of commerce. It is believed to represent Bear Quay between the Custom House and London Bridge and is one of many riverside scenes painted by Scott, which form an invaluable record of the London of the eighteenth century.

Through the medium of paper famous works of art can be reproduced for the enjoyment of a wider public, records of the past can be retained in perpetuity and knowledge can be disseminated to more and more people throughout the world.

But paper as a printing medium is only part of the story. The modern scene on a loading quay reveals many of the industrial purposes for which other kinds of paper are used. There are cylindrical containers made from kraft liner, one of the strongest of packaging materials, used for the transporting of many of this country's raw materials . . . corrugated cases for the safe conveyance of such diverse products as cathode ray tubes and canned foods . . . and, indeed, protective packaging of all sorts and sizes for safeguarding goods in transit.

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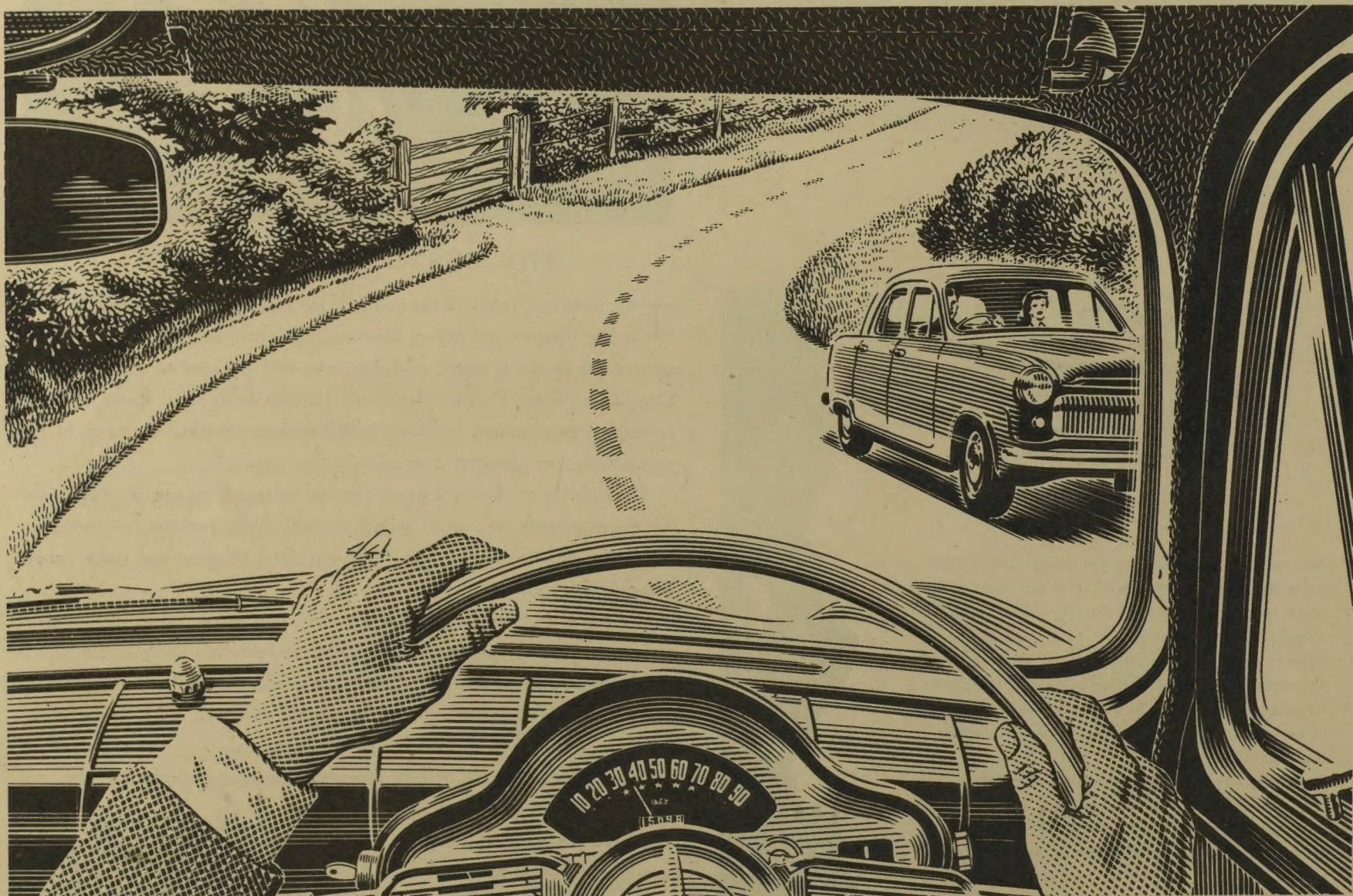
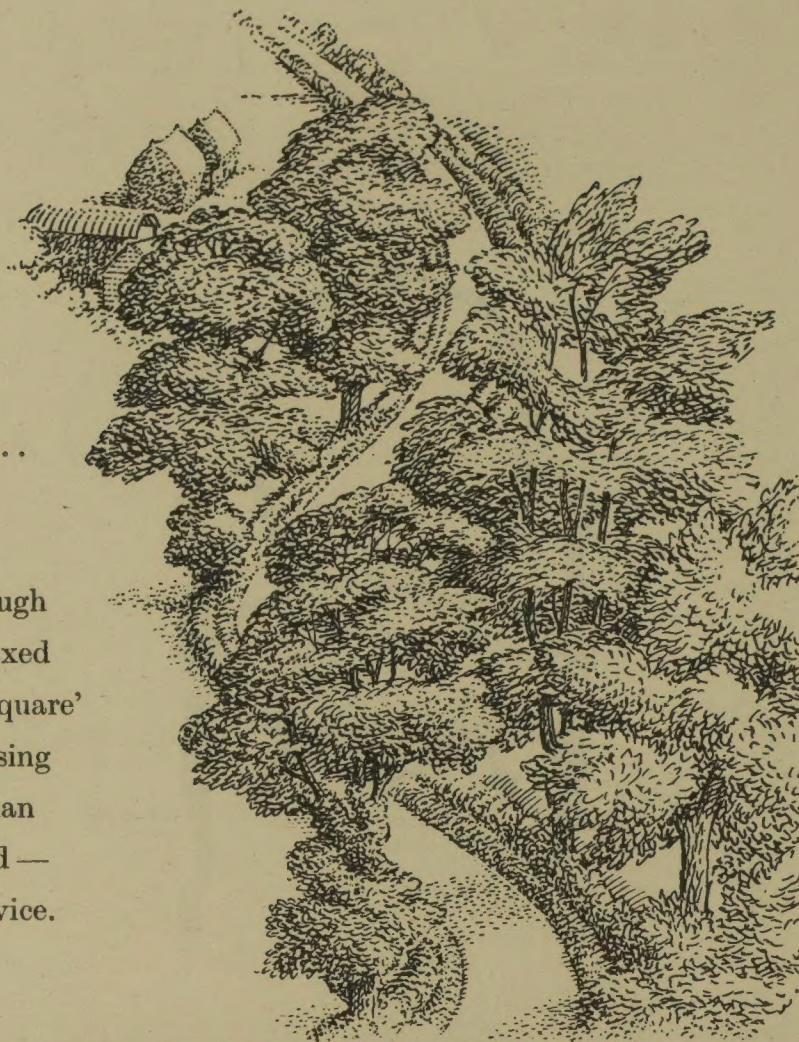
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1952.



**A WELCOME SIGHT TO ALL LONDONERS AND INDEED TO THE MANY THOUSANDS OF THOSE WHO LOVE AND RESPECT HER:
QUEEN MARY, OUT FOR A DRIVE IN HYDE PARK FOR HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC SINCE MID-OCTOBER.**

On December 11 Queen Mary drove round Hyde Park for about an hour. This was the first time that she had been out of doors since the middle of October, when she was confined to the house following a cold. Queen Mary, who was eighty-five years old last May, holds a unique position not only in the hearts of all subjects of the Crown; but also in history, since she is the only Queen of

England in English history to be the living grandmother to a Queen Regnant. It was recently reported that Queen Mary had decided not to attend the Coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey next June in view of the length of the service; but at the date of writing there was no official confirmation or denial of this decision.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A YEAR ago on this page I wrote of the first Christmas and of the miracle of the life of the supposed carpenter's son who, born in a manger in a poor village inn, and spending His brief, tragic, heroic existence on earth in an obscure, enslaved eastern province of the Roman Empire, left behind a conviction so imperishable that it still, two thousand years after His death, animates the hearts and hopes of struggling men. And a week ago I wrote of the men who 600 years later first brought the knowledge of that birth and of Christmas to heathen England:

Monks of Rome from their home where the blue sea breaks in foam:
Augustine with his feet of snow!

But I only told half of that story: of how Paulinus and Augustine and their Roman missions converted the barbarous Courts of Northumbria and Kent. For there is another and, for Englishmen, a more important chapter: one that, though we all read of it in our history books at school, needs retelling, for its effect on our national beliefs and on our whole attitude to life has been incalculable. It is the story of how, when his enemies overthrew and slew the converted King of Northumbria, and the heathen rooted Christianity out of his land with fire and sword, the abandoned work of the Roman mission was taken up and continued by Celtic missions from the remote north and west of our isles. Two centuries earlier, when the savage Saxons had overrun southern Britain, the Roman-Celts among the mountains and moors of Strathclyde, Wales and Cornwall had fallen back on the one creed of a dissolving civilisation that gave them the courage and hope to endure. And though, in their harsh life of struggle and poverty, they grew almost as barbarous and illiterate, and quite as fierce as their English foes, the light of Christ's teaching still shone through the war-clouds that overhung their rugged lands. Little chapels of wood and wattle with beehive vaulting, and rude monasteries with tiny enclosed grass lawns or "llans," appeared in Welsh valleys, and granite wheelhead crosses flowered beside the Atlantic among the Cornish rocks. All round the western seas, from Brittany to the Isle of Man and the Clyde, the names of Celtic saints are still commemorated where once, in tiny cells and oratories, they lived their lives of faith and self-denial—Ninian, who converted the Picts of Galloway; Dyfrig, Illtyd, Govan and David, the apostles of Wales; St. Samson of Dol, who crossed the seas from stony Caldey to preach to the Bretons; Morwenna, Cleder, Endellion and a score of others who made the name of Christ loved by the lonely fishermen and herdsmen of Cornwall.

St. Patrick's mission to the Irish in the fifth century is one of the great stories of mankind. A small Roman-British landowner's son, who had been carried into slavery by Scots pirates from northern Ireland, he insisted, after his escape, on returning to the savage island where he had suffered so much, in order to save the souls and soften the harsh existence of its poor heathen peasants. Enduring every hardship and in constant peril of death, he braved the wrath of its slave-raiding princes and bearded the High King and his magicians in the hall of Tara. Robed in white, with sandalled feet and tonsured head like a Roman of old, he stood alone among the spears and chariots, overawing the heathen by the assurance of his faith. "I have cast myself," he said, "into the hands of Almighty God . . . and He shall sustain me." Wherever he went on his constant journeyings he baptised the people in river and well, impressing on the national memory his simple, heroic personality. When he died, still in harness, he left behind him the beginnings of a Christian nation.

The impact of Patrick's work was felt far beyond Ireland. The pirate raids on the British coasts ceased; instead of slavers, with their dreaded war-horns, the western island began to send out missionaries to convert others. During the dark centuries after Rome's fall, the flame of Christianity burned more brightly in Ireland than anywhere in the world. Secure in her ocean remoteness from Teutonic barbarism, she became a training-ground for Christian scholars and artists. Little more than a hundred years after

Patrick's death the poet-scholar and saint, Columbanus, planted the seeds of her learning and austerity in the monasteries of eastern France—then at their lowest ebb of ignorance—and among the heathen Swiss.

The most famous of all St. Patrick's disciples was the evangelist who, a generation before Augustine's landing in Kent, founded a monastery off the coast of Dalriada—to-day Argyllshire—then in process of colonisation by Scots from Ireland. Tall, with brilliant eyes, as eager and fearless in saving men's souls as his forbears in enslaving their bodies, St. Columba was a descendant of Irish pirate kings. In the island of Iona, clad in coarse cassock and hood of homespun, he set up a monastery church and a chain of stone and wattle cells that became a Christian camp for the conversion of a nation. Up and down the wild Caledonian moors and islands where even the Roman legions had never penetrated, as far as the Orkneys, Columba's monks made their way, preaching, healing and winning men's hearts. And when in A.D. 597 the proud, gentle, humble, impulsive old saint died, blessing with his last breath his monastery and island, the winnowed corn and the old white horse that worked the dairy, he left behind him apostles to carry his work, not only into the furthest mountains of Caledonia, but southwards into Saxon England.

It was these men who brought back the faith to Northumbria. And this time it was a conversion, not of the Court and nobility in the orderly Roman

fashion, but of the people as a whole. The new King of Northumbria, who succeeded in expelling its invaders, had been an exile at Iona, where he had become a fervent Christian. He now appealed to its monks to help him restore Christianity. The first who was sent failed to make any impression on the savage Angles—the hereditary foes of his race. "What did you teach them?" asked his successor, when he returned discouraged to Iona; "the love of God or only His anger?" It was in this spirit that Aidan—the Celtic apostle of Northern England—travelled about Northumbria on foot, carrying the Christian message to every lonely hut and hovel. Once his master, the King, who loved him dearly and sometimes went with him as an interpreter, gave him a horse, but true to Christ's precept of sharing all things in common, Aidan handed it to the first beggar he met. This gentle saint planted Christianity so deeply in the hearts of the Northumbrian dalesmen that nothing was able to root it out. And when, seven years later, his King fell in battle against the heathen Mercians, he and his assistants were able

to continue their work from the holy island of Lindisfarne.

For, though the lands from which they came far removed from the former seats of civilised thought and learning, these barefooted Celtic evangelists far surpassed Augustine's and Paulinus's achievement. Deriving their faith, not from St. Peter's throne in Rome, but from Columba and Patrick and the homespun saints of stony, wind-swept Atlantic islands, their contribution to England's conversion lay less in doctrine than in example. It was this that won the simple Angle and Saxon husbandmen to their creed. For if their arguments were sometimes—as was natural in a primitive age—a travesty of Christ's, their lives were touchingly like His. Like Him they took no thought for the morrow, of what they should eat or wear; they put their whole faith in His teaching and, giving themselves utterly to His selfless gospel, lived it. To those among whom they went, purseless, on foot and without arms, their example left an image of the Good Shepherd giving His life for His sheep, that has run for years like a silver thread through the English tradition. And because it still does so, despite the unthinking indifference and drift of our time and all the militant paganism that confronts us, millions of homes in these islands, in the United States, in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia and many another land, will keep on Thursday the festival of Christ's birth and remember, for a moment, and perhaps for more than a moment, the saving miracle and faith it commemorates.

THE COMMONWEALTH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN LONDON.



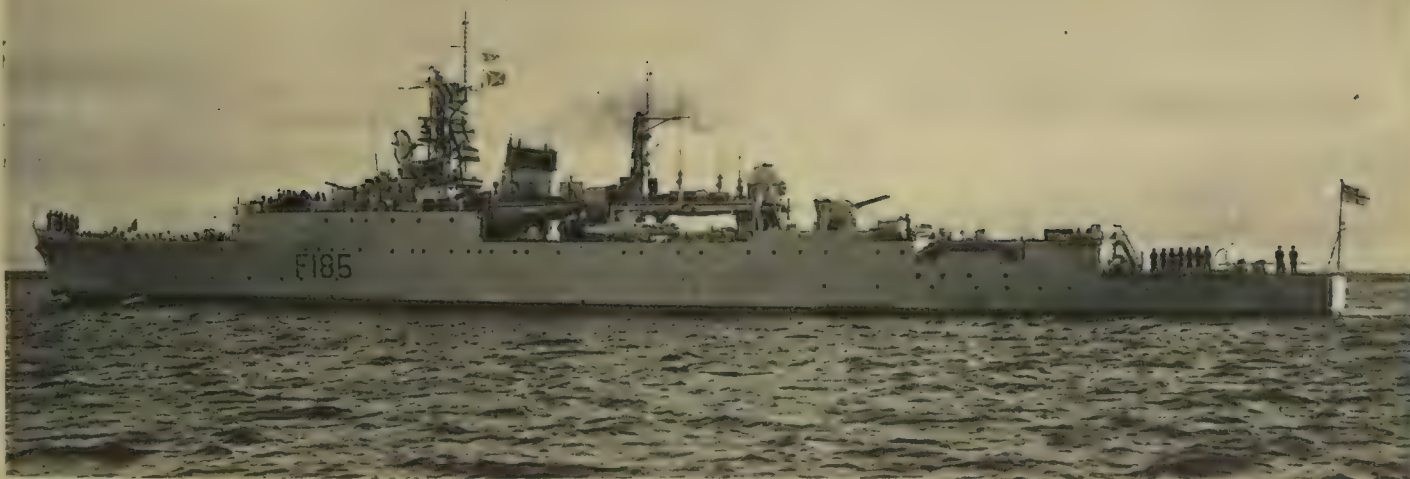
CONSIDERING THE FINAL CONCLUSIONS REACHED DURING THEIR TWO WEEKS OF WORK: MEMBERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH ECONOMIC CONFERENCE IN THE CHAMBER IN KING CHARLES STREET, WHICH IS NOW USED BY THE TREASURY.

The final conclusions of the Commonwealth Economic Conference were considered at two meetings on December 10. Each was a full meeting of the whole conference. The above photograph shows seated at the table, from left to right: Mr. Mohamad Ali, Minister of Finance, Pakistan; Fazlur Rahman, Minister for Commerce, Pakistan; Khwaja Nazimuddin, Prime Minister, Pakistan; Mr. A. H. Strachan, Secretary of the Treasury, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. E. C. F. Whitehead, Minister of Finance, Southern Rhodesia; Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister, Southern Rhodesia; Mr. O. C. Morland (U.K. Cabinet Office); Sir Norman Brook, Secretary of the Conference; Mr. Anthony Eden; Lord Salisbury; Mr. R. A. Butler; Lord Swinton; Major J. Maynard Sinclair, Minister of Finance, Northern Ireland; Mr. G. H. Adams, Member of Executive Committee, Barbados; Mr. A. Gomes, Minister of Labour, Trinidad; Mr. Oliver Lyttelton; Mr. A. C. Nwapa, Ministry of Commerce, Nigeria; Mr. Senanayake, Prime Minister, Ceylon; Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, Minister of Finance, Ceylon; Mr. E. A. P. Wijeyeratne, Ceylon High Commissioner in London; Mr. B. G. Kher, Indian High Commissioner in London; Mr. Chintaman D. Deshmukh, Minister of Finance, India; Mr. B. Rama Rau, Governor, Reserve Bank of India; Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister, Australia; Mr. W. H. Spooner, Minister of National Development, Australia; Mr. Norman A. Robertson, Canadian High Commissioner, London; Mr. St. Laurent, Prime Minister, Canada; Mr. D. C. Abbott, Minister of Finance, Canada; Mr. F. W. Doig, New Zealand High Commissioner, London; Mr. Holland, Prime Minister, New Zealand; Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance, South Africa; Mr. E. H. Louw, Minister of Economic Affairs, South Africa; and Dr. A. L. Geyer, South African High Commissioner, London.

The Commonwealth Economic Conference ended on December 11.

A NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE: VIEWS ABOARD H.M.S. "RELENTLESS."

(RIGHT.) ONE OF THE LATEST OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATES: H.M.S. *RELENTLESS*, A CONVERTED FLEET DESTROYER, AT SEA OFF PORTLAND.



SHOWING THE BOILING WAKE FROM H.M.S. *RELENTLESS* AS SHE PROCEEDS AT 26-27 KNOTS DURING A SHORT CHANNEL CRUISE FROM PORTLAND TO PORTSMOUTH.



LOADING 4-IN. GUNS IN A TWIN-MOUNTING ABOARD *RELENTLESS*: MEMBERS OF THE GUN CREW BRINGING UP AMMUNITION DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION.

RECENTLY a demonstration was given to the Press aboard the 1705-ton *Relentless*, one of the Royal Navy's fast anti-submarine frigates which have been converted from Fleet destroyers. There are six of these vessels now in commission and work is progressing on many more. One of these ships, H.M.S. *Rocket*, recently completed a three-months visit to American waters to enable the U.S. naval authorities to see the latest British anti-submarine devices. The anti-submarine equipment in these frigates includes a mortar-type weapon linked to an Asdic set through an improved electronic fire-control system. This weapon has three barrels and fires a pattern of large projectiles with great accuracy as they are fitted with fins, similar to those on bombs, to ensure accurate flight in the air. These projectiles can be automatically set to explode at a pre-determined depth and are muzzle-loaded. Increased use of electronics has greatly improved the fire-control system which serves as a link between the Asdic and the weapon. H.M.S. *Relentless* put to sea during the Press demonstration and cruised from Portland to Portsmouth, travelling at times at a speed of 26-27 knots. A feature of the ship is the enclosed wheelhouse, with its periscope for conning the vessel at sea.



SHOWING THE ENCLOSED BRIDGE AND THE RADAR AND RADIO RECEIVING EQUIPMENT: A VIEW LOOKING AFT ABOARD THE ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE *RELENTLESS*.



CONNING THE SHIP BY PERISCOPE FROM THE ENCLOSED WHEELHOUSE: COMMANDER R. HART, THE COMMANDING OFFICER, VIEWING THE COURSE AHEAD IN *RELENTLESS*.

A MOTORING FEAT, THE SMITHFIELD SHOW, AND CHRISTMAS ITEMS.



ON ITS WAY TO LONDON AND TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE CHRISTMAS-TREE GIFT FROM NORWAY BEING LOADED AT DRAMMEN, NEAR OSLO.

The city of Oslo has once again sent its annual gift of a Christmas-tree to London. The tree, which is 53 ft. high, was shipped in the cargo-liner *Baldin*. The tree, to be erected as usual in Trafalgar Square, is to have the lights switched on on December 20 and is to remain lit every evening until January 5. On December 22 about fifty Norwegian girls wearing national costume will join carol singers by the tree in a programme of traditional Norwegian Christmas songs.



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN: PERFORMING ELEPHANTS OF BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS

ARRIVING BY TRAIN AT ADDISON ROAD STATION, OLYMPIA, ON DECEMBER 11. Elephant performers at Bertram Mills Circus filed out trunk-by-tail from their train at Addison Road Station, Olympia, on December 11, only to have to return and wait while the floor at Olympia, found on their arrival to be too weak to hold them, was reinforced. The elephants had travelled from their training quarters at Ascot.



ACROSS FIFTEEN COUNTRIES IN NINETY HOURS: BRITISH RACING DRIVERS WITH THE HUMBER SUPER SNIPE IN WHICH THEY MADE THE RUN.

Instead of taking five days, as had been expected, the test run of the Humber *Super Snipe* from Norway to Portugal was accomplished in 3 days, 17 hours, 59 mins. This photograph shows the crew who took part in this great drive, the British racing drivers Stirling Moss (right) and Leslie Johnson (centre, right); also two representatives of the Rootes Group, Mr. J. Cutts (left) and Mr. D. Humphrey, who accompanied them on the test run.



A CHRISTMAS CAKE FOR THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS: THE DELIGHTED RECIPIENTS GATHERING ROUND TO ADMIRE THIS GENEROUS PRESENT FROM AUSTRALIA.

Our photograph shows delighted Chelsea Pensioners with the High Commissioner for Australia, Sir Thomas White (left), and Mr. Greenham (centre), Acting Agent-General and Trade Commissioner for South Australia, viewing a 140-lb. Christmas cake presented to the Pensioners by the South Australian Branch of the Returned Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's League of Australia. The cake was baked in London.



A VICTIM OF THE LONDON FOG RECEIVING TREATMENT AT SMITHFIELD: A HEIFER BEING GIVEN FIRST-AID WITH A BREATHING SACK SOAKED IN WHISKY.

Fog caused respiratory trouble in a number of beasts entered for the Smithfield Fat Stock Show. Many of the animals had been held up for a number of hours on the way to London and arrived to find the city enveloped in "a London particular." Fog swirled into the main hall and some animals had masks to filter the air, while others, who were distressed, were given breathing-bags which were soaked in whisky. Before the Show opened eight animals had to be slaughtered and three more died.



JUDGED SUPREME CHAMPION BEAST AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW: A CROSS-BRED ABERDEEN ANGUS-SHORTHORN STEER, GREGOR, EXHIBITED BY SCOTTISH MALT DISTILLERS, LTD.

Gregor, a cross-bred Aberdeen Angus-Shorthorn steer, weighing 15 cwt. 48 lb., was judged supreme champion beast at Smithfield Fat Stock Show at Earl's Court on December 8. *Gregor* was supreme champion at the Edinburgh and Birmingham Fat Stock Shows. It was the first animal to win the three major prizes in the same year, and was sold for £1,200 at the auction on December 9, a price believed to be a world record for a fat beast. *Gregor*, bought on behalf of James Henderson Ltd., will be part of the Christmas ration.

LONDON, LINCOLN, AMERICA AND BERLIN: RECENT NEWS REPORTED BY CAMERA.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT) VISITING THE KITCHENS OF THE NEW N.A.A.F.I. CLUB WHICH HE HAD JUST OPENED IN LINCOLN ON DECEMBER 11.

On December 11 the Duke of Edinburgh flew from London in a *Viking* of the Queen's Flight to open a new N.A.A.F.I. club in Lincoln. A Colour guard of honour was mounted by 100 officer cadets from Cranwell, who wore the new R.A.F. peaked cap, which becomes general on January 1. The Duke was met by Lord Ancaster, Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, and the club was dedicated by the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Harland.



THE INTERIOR OF THE RECONSTRUCTED GREAT HALL OF GRAY'S INN, WITH ITS NEW CANDELABRA. REBUILDING THROUGHOUT THE INN IS GOING STEADILY FORWARD.

Gray's Inn suffered heavily in the air raids of the war; and much reconstruction has been called for. The Great Hall was reopened by the Duke of Gloucester, last year, but work has been continued on it since then. The open hammer-beam roof is of seasoned Kent oak and the eighteenth-century-style candelabra replace heavy Victorian pendants. Rebuilding is also in progress in South Square and Gray's Inn Square.



USING A LIGHT GLASS-FIBRE SHIELD AS A PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE: TESTING IN KANSAS CITY A NEW TYPE, WHICH CAN ALSO BE FITTED WITH A SLOT THROUGH WHICH FIRE-FIGHTING APPARATUS COULD BE OPERATED.



CHRISTMAS PARCELS FOR OUR FIGHTING FORCES: A SCENE IN AN ARMY POST OFFICE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE, WHERE CHRISTMAS MAIL WAS BEING ASSEMBLED FOR DESPATCH TO BRITISH TROOPS SERVING IN KOREA AND MALAYA.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE THOUSANDS OF GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR STATED TO BE STILL IN RUSSIAN HANDS: A GIANT CANDLE BURNING BESIDE A BERLIN RADIO STATION—A RECENT PICTURE TAKEN NEAR THE FUNKTURM.

EVENTS IN OTHER LANDS: THE CASABLANCA RIOTS, AND OTHER ITEMS.



READING AN ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF THE CASABLANCA RIOTS: GENERAL GUILLAUME, THE FRENCH RESIDENT-GENERAL IN MOROCCO.

Following the murder of M. Ferhat Hached, the general secretary of the Tunisian trade union organisation, on the road from Tunis to Zhagouan on Dec. 5, many members of the Moroccan trade unions decided to declare a 24-hour strike in protest on Dec. 8. This strike was widely observed in Casablanca, where rioting broke out leading to the death of seven Europeans and about forty of the demonstrators. About 500 persons were arrested and on the night of Dec. 10 the entire executives of the nationalist Istiqlal Party and of the Communist Party were detained, the latter being expelled from the country by air.



A VICTIM OF THE CASABLANCA MOB: THE BODY OF M. MOREAU, WHO WAS STONED TO DEATH BY DEMONSTRATORS, LYING NEAR HIS BURNED-OUT TRUCK.



(RIGHT.) "MIGHTY MO" RETURNS FROM THE WARS: THE U.S. BATTLESHIP MISSOURI (ON RIGHT) IN PORT AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, AFTER RETURNING FROM A TOUR OF DUTY IN KOREAN WATERS. THE HEAVY CRUISERS ALBANY AND MACON ARE SEEN SIDE BY SIDE ON THE LEFT.



THE RE-INSTALLATION OF THE SACRED RELICS OF THE BUDDHA'S CHIEF DISCIPLES AT SANCHI, NEAR BHOPAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION.



CARRYING THE SACRED RELICS TO THEIR FINAL RESTING-PLACE: THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA, PANDIT NEHRU, IN THE PROCESSION ON NOVEMBER 30.

On November 30 the sacred relics of the Buddha's chief disciples, Sariputta and Moggallana, were re-installed in a newly-erected temple on the site where they were found by General Cunningham over 100 years ago. The relics were brought to England but were restored to India in 1949. The casket was carried in the procession by Pandit Nehru and a sapling of the Bodhi tree from Bodhi Gaya was planted outside the temple by U Nu, Prime Minister of Burma.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



MOTHER AND SON: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN GREETING QUEEN ZEIN AT LONDON AIRPORT.
Queen Zein of Jordan, mother of the eighteen-year-old King Hussein of Jordan, who is a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, arrived at London Airport on December 9 for a week's visit. Her younger son, Crown Prince Mohammed, is at school in Switzerland. Queen Zein's husband, Prince Talal, the former King of Jordan, abdicated earlier this year on account of ill-health. Her son was proclaimed King on August 11.



DR. DOMINGO A. DERISI.
Appointed Argentine Ambassador in London in succession to Señor Hogan, appointed Minister of Agriculture. Dr. Derisi, who was Agricultural Attaché in London from 1943 to 1948, and later Commercial Attaché, has been the general representative abroad of the Argentine National Meat Board.



MR. PERCY COLSON.
Died on December 6, aged seventy-nine. An author and musician, he was responsible for the education and bringing-up of the pianist Solomon. His books, many of which were biographies, included "Victorian Portraits," "Oscar Wilde and the Black Douglas" and "White's 1693-1950."



SIR GORDON MUNRO.
Appointed High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia in the United Kingdom, with effect from February 1, 1953, in succession to Mr. K. M. Goodenough, who is retiring. Sir Gordon, who is fifty-seven, was until a few months ago Financial Adviser to the Southern Rhodesia Government.



WITH THE COMMANDING OFFICER (EXTREME L.): PILOTS OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S NO. 848 HELICOPTER SQUADRON, DETAILED FOR SERVICE IN MALAYA.
Our group of pilots of the Royal Navy's first operational helicopter squadron shows from left to right, Lieut.-Commander S. H. Suthers, D.S.C., commanding officer, Lieutenant J. E. Breese, Lieutenant John Walden, Lieutenant A. Taylor, Lieutenant R. Taylor, Lieutenant A. R. D. Hawkes and Lieut.-Commander G. Luff. Photographs of helicopters of the squadron, which left for Malaya on December 12, taken at the Royal Naval Air Station, Gosport, appear on another page.



TO BE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT AT WOOMERA: DR. C. F. BAREFORD.
Dr. C. F. Bareford, head of the Mullard research laboratories in Surrey, has been appointed chief superintendent of the Long Range Weapons Establishment at Salisbury and Woomera in South Australia. He will succeed Mr. H. C. Pritchard, who is returning next year to the Ministry of Supply after completing more than three years' distinguished service in Australia. Dr. Bareford, who is a physicist, has had long experience in the Royal Naval scientific service.



VICTORS AT TWICKENHAM: THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM THAT BEAT OXFORD BY SIX POINTS TO FIVE IN THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH ON DECEMBER 9.

Cambridge defeated Oxford in the University Rugby match on December 9, breaking a spell of failures since 1947. Our photograph of the Cambridge XV shows (l. to r.): Standing back row: P. H. Ryan (Harrow, Calus); P. M. Davies (Llandover, Trinity Hall); I. D. S. Beer (Whitgift, St. Catharine's); O. P. Woodroffe (Sherborne, Trinity Hall); D. G. Massey (King's, Macclesfield; Christ's); J. Roberts (Mill Hill, Christ's). Sitting: D. G. H. Jones (Denstone, Selwyn); F. R. Beringer (Methodist College, Belfast; St. Catharine's); I. S. Gloag (Oundle, Trinity—captain); P. J. F. Wheeler (Rugby, Magdalen); V. H. Leadbetter (Kettering G.S., St. Catharine's); M. J. O. Massey (Oundle, St. John's). On ground: H. P. Morgan (Wycliffe, St. John's); T. C. Pearson (Oundle, Clare).



HOLDING A TROPHY PRESENTED FOR "BRIDGE-BUSTING" IN KOREA: LT. J. L. TRELOAR, R.N.
H.M.S. *Theseus*, temporarily attached to the Mediterranean Fleet during the replacement in the Korea theatre of operations of H.M.S. *Ocean*, returned home last week. On board were the two Royal Naval Air Squadrons, No. 802 and No. 825, which formed the flying complement in *Ocean*, and between them flew nearly 6000 sorties. Lieutenant John L. Treloar, of No. 802 Squadron, is holding the trophy presented to him for his record in "bridge-busting" in Korea.



KING IDRIS EL SENUSSI OF LIBYA, IN EGYPT: HIS MAJESTY BEING GREETED BY GENERAL NEGUIB ON ARRIVAL IN CAIRO ON DECEMBER 2.
King Idris el Senussi of Libya arrived in Cairo on December 2 for a ten-days official visit to Egypt. His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Chief of the Royal Cabinet and the Premier of Libya, was greeted by a twenty-one-gun salute as he stepped from the Royal train. He was met by the Regent of Egypt, Prince Abdel Moneim, General Neguib and other Ministers.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



IN AN AIR BATTLE AT A SPEED FASTER THAN SOUND: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT J. M. NICHOLLS.
Flight-Lieutenant John M. Nicholls, of Liverpool, shot down a Communist MIG fighter in Korea on December 7 while flying faster than sound. Flight-Lieutenant Nicholls is an R.A.F. exchange pilot flying Sabre jets with the American Fourth Fighter Interceptor Wing. The U.S. Fifth Air Force said that the MIG shot down by Flight-Lieutenant Nicholls was one of seven reported shot down on the same day by American pilots with whom he was flying.



ELECTED SECOND PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL ON DECEMBER 8: MR. BEN-ZVI.
Mr. Itzhak Ben-Zvi, candidate of the Israel Labour Party (Mapai), was elected President of Israel on December 8; and took the oath of office on December 10. He fought in World War I. under General Allenby, and under the British Mandatory régime for seventeen years he headed the National Council of Palestine Jews. He represented Palestine Jewry at the Coronation of George VI. Aged sixty-eight, he was born in Russia, and came to Palestine forty-five years ago with Mr. Ben-Gurion.



APPOINTED PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA: LIEUT.-COLONEL MARCOS PEREZ JIMENEZ.
Venezuela has been ruled by a junta since the military coup of 1948. Voting took place on November 30 to elect a new Constituent Assembly. It is understood that, with Army support, Lieut.-Colonel Marcos Perez Jimenez, a member of the junta, and Minister of Defence, was appointed Provisional President of Venezuela during the counting of the votes. A close censorship has, however, been imposed, and reliable news has not been forthcoming.



THE MAN OF THE FIVE TOWNS.

"ARNOLD BENNETT"; By REGINALD POUND.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

ARNOLD BENNETT has been dead for twenty-one years. It is difficult to believe it: the personal impression he made is still so fresh in the memory; he was so extremely alive, alert and (in his latter years) journalistically pervasive, especially in the London area. Mr. Pound, I think, goes rather far when he states that he became "a public figure such as no author in this country had been before or has been since." Scott and Dickens occur to one; not to mention Wilde, Kipling, Chesterton and Bernard Shaw in our own time. I think Mr. Pound exaggerates again when he says that in later years he was an oracle, "not only a senator of the republic of letters, one of literature's lawgivers." His criticisms in an evening paper were widely read. Professional novelists pined for a nod of approval from him, for it might mean a sale of thousands for them to the circulating libraries. But he, who had stated in print that he could not "regard Chesterton as an intellectual equal," who had airily remarked "I have no hesitation in declassing the whole professorial squad—Bradley, Herford, Dowden, Walter Raleigh, Elton, Saintsbury," who (sadly) was as puzzled by poetry as he was insensible to religion, and who (as he cheerily told me) was not in the habit of reading the books he reviewed, was certainly not an "oracle" or a "lawgiver" in any serious literary world. What he was regarded as there was a very competent, often entertaining, sometimes exasperating journalist, whom employers doubtless welcomed on the double ground that he was usually "provocative" and seldom "dull." But he was also an outstanding novelist who managed to boil whole Potteries of pots without losing his capacity for returning to his highest levels, and a resolute and highly individual character who had carved his way through life like one of his own characters—and, I may add to some people's surprise, not been spoilt in the process.

Mr. Pound's full, excellent and sensible book sets out to be a biography, not a critical study. But Bennett's writing career was really his life, in whatsoever other activities (usually in a planned, deliberate way) he may have indulged, and infused in these pages, there is something like a general critical estimate of his work, and a certain amount of detailed critical observation. "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger"

"as in a glass darkly." They were mysterious, baffling, eternally uncomprehended, "suggesting the infinite," a riddle of existence, "remoter than the stars, unattainable as the moon." An early critic of his work noted that he appeared to be "obsessed with the formidableness of the female." Clayhanger's throes of passion for Hilda Lessways agitate his creator into using a telegraphese of dots, interrogation marks, notes of exclamation. "... the upper part of her flushed face was caged behind the bars of the veil; behind those bars her eyes mysteriously gleamed. ... Spanish! ... No exaggeration in all this! ... Was she the most wondrous? Or was she commonplace? Was she deceiving him? Or did she alone possess



ARNOLD BENNETT (RIGHT) AT CANNES WITH HIS LITERARY AGENT, J. B. PINKER (LEFT).

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Arnold Bennett"; by courtesy of the publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.

the true insight? ... Useless! He was baffled." He makes Clayhanger see women "as a foreign race encamped amongst us men," and of the transfiguring moment in which the love of Edwin and Hilda fuses in their overwhelming realisation of what each means to the other, he says feebly: "They kissed." He believed that "the two sexes must for ever remain, distant, antagonistic and mutually inexplicable."

Well, I remember that long ago, during the heat and fury of the Militant Suffrage campaign, Austen Chamberlain proclaimed *urbi et orbi*: "Men are men and women are women: they are not the same, they are different," which the suffragettes greeted with loud guffaws as a portentous platitude. But it is possible to emphasise the differences too much: and to wander through the world oblivious of the fact that women are people would be a handicap for a novelist and bad luck for a man. But Bennett was not in quite so bad a predicament as that: for all his reportorial skill with "things" he would hardly be the considerable novelist he is were half his characters inhuman dummies. He could, as a fact, draw very convincing pictures of all sorts of women in all sorts of circumstances; it was when he had to see a woman through a lover's eyes that he had to fall back upon his dots and notes of exclamation. He may have given the right reason when he wrote: "I have never been in love."

And that may have been part and parcel of his general disinclination to surrender himself. It certainly wasn't through any lack of *capacity* for feeling: love in a general way, as linked with compassion, he knew to be essential. But (assisted, doubtless, by that dreadful stammer and his social self-consciousness) he was reserved as a man; and, as a novelist, he sedulously cultivated detachment. It was natural that, resolved to escape from provincialism, he should go to live in Paris, a town, to his young self, symbolical of emancipation. And, having got there, it was natural that he should take as his models those tight, dispassionate writers who cultivated precise observation, and precise phraseology with a control and a superiority to emotional warmth which seemed to his honest Midland soul very "distinguished." Theory reinforced his habit of reserve, and he came to glory in his imagined position above *la mêlée*. "I have never been in love," he wrote to H. G. Wells in 1905, "sometimes the tears start to my eyes, but they never fall. These things are indubitable. I have no passion for justice. That also is profoundly true. I recognise that progress is inevitable and that it can

only be secured by a passion for justice. Here we come to 'the difference between our minds.' I look down from a height on the show and contemplate a passion for justice much as I contemplate the other ingredients." Well, it is no bad thing to react against sentimentality and gush. But had Bennett, in his resolve to cease to be a lower-middle-class Methodist, come to regard novel-writing as a mere branch of zoology or "natural history" he would have ceased not merely to be English but to be human.

He did not, in spite of all his struggles as a craftsman, learn to be "ashamed of his better feelings." He was, for all his transparent disdain, wordly wisdom and resigned "contemplation" of the deplorable "ingredients" of which we are all made up, a very affectionate, not to say loyal, man, and one of whom those who pierced the poses which irritated strangers, were extremely fond. Never was he that anchorite of art which he dreamed himself to be.

In one regard too little so. Even readers who did not know him or like him may well be shocked and saddened by the later chapters of this book, with their story of tremendous labours and vast earnings, superhuman struggles and unnecessary earnings—to what purpose? Merely that he might be able to spend lavishly and "keep up" (exhaustingly late hours and all) with the frequenters of The Grand Babylon Hotel. The "Man from the North" plumed himself on having become a "Man of the World": the artificial lights glittered, and the moth fluttered and fell.

However, it was "fun while it lasted" and the story of his life here told is engrossing and has little of tragedy until the end. On the whole, he had a full life which he "savoured" (to use one of his pet words) fully. "I seldom ask myself," he noted, five years before his death, "what gives me most happiness or unhappiness. It is only on the rare occasions



ARNOLD BENNETT SEEN WHILE WRITING "THE OLD WIVES' TALE" AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

By permission of Mrs. Arnold Bennett.

when I deliberately enquire into it that I realise that nothing gives me a purer pleasure than the first half of a fine cigar." The pity of it is that he couldn't settle down to the pure pleasure of a fine cigar instead of dooming himself to incessant slavery by overhousing himself and keeping yachts with crews of eight men. He might have still been alive; and, if alive, we may be sure that he would not have lost his zest for writing and even for that exquisite calligraphy of which he was a master.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1050 of this issue.



ON BOARD THE *Velsa*, HIS FIRST YACHT: ARNOLD BENNETT AT BRIGHTLINGSEA.

By permission of Mr. W. W. Kennerley.

and "Riceyman Steps" (with "The Card" as an amusing annexe) stand out as Bennett's most considerable achievements, as indeed they are in common esteem; and it is agreeable to notice that high tribute is paid to the merits of "Whom God Hath Joined," which dates from 1905 and was an augury of what he had it in him to do. When it comes to detail one of Mr. Pound's most sustained passages of comment points to what I have always thought one of Bennett's major weaknesses. "He saw women," says Mr. Pound,

* "Arnold Bennett." By Reginald Pound. Illustrated. (Heinemann: 21s.)



MOVING UP FOR THE DRAMATIC COUNTER-ATTACK WHICH RESTORED THE PERIMETER IN THE BELEAGUERED AIRSTRIP OF NA-SAM: FRENCH PARATROOPS ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.



THE MOMENT OF ATTACK: AS THEIR GRENADES EXPLODE AHEAD, FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS RUSH THE HILL WHICH THE COMMUNISTS HAD PREVIOUSLY SEIZED.



FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS AND VIETNAMESE SCRAMBLE UP THE HILL AND THROUGH THE TORN DEFENCES TO REGAIN THE VITAL PERIMETER STRONG-POINT.



CROUCHING BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT: CRACK FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS CAUGHT IN THE CAMERA IN THE TENSE FINAL MOMENT BEFORE THE VICTORIOUS CHARGE.



"À GAUCHE, À GAUCHE!" THE LEADER OF A DETACHMENT OF FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS WAVES HIS MEN INTO THE ATTACK ON THE POSITION ON THE LEFT.

THE DEFENCE OF NA-SAM: UNIQUELY VIVID PHOTOGRAPHS OF A BRILLIANT COUNTER-ATTACK BY FRENCH PARATROOPS.

In our last issue we referred to the siege of Na-Sam—the fortified airstrip position in which between 10,000 and 15,000 French Union troops were on the defensive against two and three divisions of well-trained and well-equipped Viet Minh troops; and we referred to a savage onslaught made by the latter on the perimeter on November 30 to December 1. Censorship made the situation far from clear, but it now appears there were two main attacks: one on the night of November 30/December 1; and another on the following night. In the first the Communists broke through the perimeter and seized two hill

strong-points, after heavy mortar bombardment and the use of Bangalore torpedoes against the wire. One of these strong-points they stubbornly held until driven out by a furious attack of French parachute troops—and it is of this action that we show the above extremely vivid battle-action photographs. The attack on the following night lasted seven hours, but the French were able to use their aircraft and Viet Minh losses were very heavy and estimated at over 1000. A lull seems to have succeeded, for on December 8 French Union forces made a seven-mile sortie from Na-Sam against trifling resistance.

CHRISTMAS is a time of rejoicing, of hope, of festivity, of family reunion, and of the exchange of gifts. It is a time of spiritual meditation for only a limited number of people. Sermons in church call attention to its meaning, but the average man seems to reflect little upon this, and less still upon the changes which have taken place in the festival. In truth, some of the trappings of our Christmas celebrations can be traced to pre-Christian customs, and many are Victorian. They owe much in particular to Charles Dickens, who is in a real sense the parent of the modern Christmas. In the Dickensian picture of Christmas the Christian virtues took a prominent place, but that of the theological significance of the anniversary was secondary. Considering how vast has been the change in social and economic life since the day of Dickens, the pattern of the feast, as he remoulded it, has shown surprisingly little alteration. If it has become less religious, this is due to an undoubted decline in doctrinal religion. On the secular side his Christmas had a Teutonic tinge. Its influence has been very strong. It has even slightly touched France, primarily a Latin country; but in modern France we find little evidence of what we at home think of as the Christmas spirit, and, if we look back, none at all.

On Christmas Day, 1671, Madame de Sévigné, a pious woman, wrote to her daughter: "I am going now to hear Bourdaloue. They say he outdoes everything, and that no one ever preached before him. A thousand compliments to all the Grignans." Here Christmas is an occasion for listening to the champion pulpit orator of the age. On Christmas Day, 1675, she wrote: "The good Princess [this was the Princesse de Tarente, German-born and a Protestant] went to her religious assembly; I heard them all singing together in a most disagreeable manner. I felt a sensible pleasure after it in hearing Mass. I have not for a long time been so pleased to be a good Catholic. I dined with the Minister; my son disputed like a demon. I went to Vespers in a spirit of pure opposition." This year her chief reflection concerns the boring character of the Protestant cult. Both Catholics and Protestants went to church at Christmas as a matter of course. This custom has survived in France and also in Britain to a considerable extent. That is to say, while the number of churchgoers on Christmas Day has diminished, many people go who seldom go on other occasions—except, perhaps, at Easter—if at all.

A select band of the regular churchgoers of to-day certainly continues to combine religious reflection with good-fellowship on this great occasion. It is even possible that these people take their devotions more sincerely than was common half a century ago. If my childhood's impressions are of any value—and they may well be more accurate than those which younger researchers derive from books, periodicals and letters—there was a good deal that was conventional in the religious observances which appeared on the surface to be so strict. *Paterfamilias*, as he was called in *Punch* and sometimes in ordinary talk, was apt to think of stocks and shares or his previous evening's whist during the sermon, if he did not go to sleep. My memory does not go back to the day of the legendary father, who went to sleep in any case after a tremendous attack upon the Sunday roast. On the other hand, by my time, a type of father was developing who, though he might be the Rector's Churchwarden and in other ways a pillar of the Church, sometimes played truant on a Sunday, though, of course, never on Christmas Day. My own father was a very fair churchgoer, who never failed to attend on important occasions all the year round and regularly in winter. On a fine summer Sunday morning, however, he was wont to go sailing.

If it was raining, and in County Fermanagh the rainfall is pretty high, there could be no question of shirking on that account. Then we all went to church. The time came when, on the sunny Sundays, I was privileged to accompany my father for a sail, whereas my younger sister and brother accompanied my mother to church. My father, who combined a temper laid on like gas with a charm such as I have rarely encountered, on these occasions had very much the air of a truant schoolboy. He would carefully cover up with his oilskin coat the basket containing the food and whisky-bottle, giving as reason that it might cause pain to display such obvious signs of a day about to be spent on the water. I cannot avoid a feeling that criticism rather than pain was what he was afraid of. Once we had begun to take the cover off the mainsail and pull the jib out of its bag, he forgot the world and found his heaven on Lough Erne. As for me, I have never known such happiness. This reached its dizzyest height when I was allowed to take the tiller. It was wholly unspoiled by an intermittent refrain from my father: "Keep her sailing! Keep her sailing! Don't pinch

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

her! Ah, now I declare to God you're right off the wind! Keep her up! Keep her up!"

The smell of the boat coming back to my nostrils, the swish of the water to my ears, the sight of the gently rolling hills and the islands of Lough Erne, wooded down to the water's edge, to my eyes, have caused me to forget about the Christmas spirit at a moment when I was trying to illustrate it. The theme towards which I was groping my way was that my

fervour in their different ways, there has ever been more than a minority deeply stirred by such feelings. Even religious fanaticism may be the result rather of hatred of another creed than of devotion to one's own. While religious fervour in England has been by no means unknown, the Englishman has been inclined to take his faith for granted, and the laic outlook of the eighteenth century is at least as representative as that of any other. This easy-going, laic attitude may seem regrettable to many, but it is not without its advantages. Militant agnosticism and anti-clericalism have always been rare here, and there is no sign of their spreading. There is much to be said for moderation in all things.

I suggest, therefore, that the Christmas spirit animating the majority of those who celebrate the feast to-day may be nearer to that of half a century ago than would appear at first sight on the basis of external evidence. If, as I stated early in this article, the Christian virtues were prominent in the Dickensian Christmas, it is reasonable to claim that they have in large measure survived in that of our time. I, for one, see little difference in this respect between the family atmosphere when I was a child and that of my own family now. We, like our fathers and grandfathers, feel at Christmas a deeper longing for peace on earth and good will towards men. They lived in a time of general peace, broken only by secondary or small wars. We have lived through the two greatest wars and live now in danger of another. We have less reason for optimism than they had, but we can still experience the warmth of Christmas sentiment, kindness and altruism. And on the earthly side a winter festival to carry humanity forward and remind it of a new year and an eventual spring is a virtual necessity and is not confined to the Christian profession. Even those rather dreary men who begin what they jocularly call "tanking up" ten days before Christmas and emerge from an alcoholic haze only when it is over are obeying a deep-seated human instinct.

As I write, the first Christmas card has just arrived. Soon we shall be displaying our collection proudly on the chimney-piece and hoping that our visitors will tell us that it is finer and more numerous than their own. It is all exactly as it was fifty years ago, except that the cards cost about ten times as much. The state of the cellar is reviewed and will, let us hope, be no less flourishing, though again the price of a bottle of comforting wine has risen almost as much. I myself do not expect to receive more than four or five personal presents, but I shall be only a degree less interested in them than I was when I was given my first saddle or an Irish terrier pup. I regard it as decadent and contrary to the true spirit of Christmas when a donor announces in advance what the present is going to be. I fear crackers have gone out with us and the only funny hats I have worn in the last ten years have been the magnificent ones provided by the United States Line in their splendid liners, and then I decorated myself in a spirit of self-disgust and embarrassment. No pronouncement has yet been made by the ruler of my household on the subject of mistletoe and holly, which I am told are pagan relics.

The power of Christmas makes itself felt in what I am writing. I determined that I would not let myself be swamped by sentiment on this occasion and would examine the Christmas spirit in a detached frame of mind and with the pyrrhonism which is part of my general attitude to life. You see that this resolve has not been carried out. I started all right, but it looks as though Dickens, Good King Wenceslas and Santa Klaus had been too much for me. I am now preparing to be as sentimental as in my youthful days. Far from being one of those sophisticated

persons who find the spirit of Christmas an anachronism, it is fully in accord with my mood. The nearer this Christmas comes to being for me of the "old-fashioned" kind, the better I shall be pleased, and I am looking forward even to its more irrational aspects with old-fashioned pleasure. I am convinced that I am not alone in this, and that a vast number of others, including many who are not prepared to admit it, are as excited as I am about the prospect. To them especially, but also to all others who read these lines, I wish a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

RECENTLY UNVEILED: A NEW WEST WINDOW IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. JAMES, PADDINGTON.



HAVING AS SUBJECT THE ANCIENT HYMN OF THE CHURCH, THE "TE DEUM": THE NEW WEST WINDOW IN ST. JAMES' CHURCH, SUSSEX GARDENS, PADDINGTON, DESIGNED BY MR. ARTHUR BUSS.

The Bishop of London arranged to unveil and dedicate, on December 11, the new West window in St. James' Church, Sussex Gardens, Paddington, which replaces the window destroyed during the war, when the church was badly damaged. Designed by Mr. Arthur Buss, of Messrs. Goddard and Gibbs, the window has as its subject the ancient hymn of the church, the "Te Deum." Standing out in bold relief from the rest of the design is the Trinitarian conception of the Godhead. In the surrounding lights are the "Glorious Company of the Apostles," "The Goodly Fellowship of the Prophets," "The Noble Army of Martyrs" and the "Holy Church throughout the World." On the extreme right is seen Bishop Hannington, who was consecrated in St. James' Church and afterwards martyred in Africa. Below the central transom come four scenes in the "Te Deum" relating to Our Lord and His Work, with, in the centre, St. James holding the fuller's club with which he was beaten to death. The remainder of the window illustrates how Christ, the Lord of all life, blesses every worthy part of Paddington life.

father was intellectually not only laic but I think even sceptical, while for social and traditional reasons a more or less prominent layman in the affairs of the Church. I doubt whether he gave much thought to the contrast in himself, but I feel sure that he was instinctively aware of it. He was not alone in his time and class in Ulster, the only region about which I knew much as a boy except the inside of an English public school. On a rare occasion when he laid down for me some precepts—honourable, but distinctly worldly and rather like those in the speech of Polonius to Laertes, which he admired intensely—he ended up

GLORIES OF THE BARBER INSTITUTE: MASTERPIECES OF EUROPEAN PAINTING.



"HÉLÈNE FOURMENT"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS. (FLEMISH; 1577-1640.) THIS PAINTING WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. OIL ON PANEL. (22½ by 19 ins.)



"THE BLEACHING GROUND"; BY DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER. (FLEMISH; 1610-1690.) MENTIONED IN THE ROYAL PALACE MADRID INVENTORY IN 1666. OIL ON CANVAS. (33½ by 47½ ins.)



(LEFT.)
"LANDSCAPE NEAR MALINES"; BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS. (FLEMISH; 1577-1640.) UNTIL THE PICTURE WAS CLEANED IN 1940 THERE WAS A GROUP OF FIGURES IN THE FOREGROUND. OIL ON PANEL. (35 by 52½ ins.)



(RIGHT.)
"PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC"; BY QUENTIN MASSYS. (FLEMISH; 1466-1530.) THE SUGGESTION THAT THE SITTER WAS JEAN CARONDELET (1469-1545) IS DISPUTABLE. OIL ON PANEL. 26 by 20 ins.)



"AN OLD WARRIOR"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN. (DUTCH; 1606-1669.) SIGNED REMBRANDT F. 1651. ON VIEW AT THE R.A. DUTCH ART EXHIBITION. OIL ON CANVAS. (29½ by 25½ ins.)



"A WINDING STREAM"; BY JAKOB VAN RUISDAEL. (DUTCH; 1628-1682.) THE FIGURES, WHICH ARE NOT THE WORK OF RUISDAEL, ARE PROBABLY BY ADRIAEN VAN DE VELDE. SIGNED IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER WITH JVR IN MONOGRAM. OIL ON CANVAS. (24 by 32½ ins.)

The remarkable collection in the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University of Birmingham, has been assembled as a result of the generosity of the late Dame Martha C. H. Barber, who in 1932 founded a Trust for the erection and equipment in memory of her husband, a life Governor of the University of Birmingham, of a building containing an Art Gallery and a Music Room for use by the University. She directed that the income of the Trust was to be used for the purchase of "works of art or beauty of exceptional and outstanding merit, comprising pictures painted not later than the end of the nineteenth century." This

instruction has been faithfully carried out by the Trustees, with the invaluable help and advice of Professor Thomas Bodkin (late Barber Professor of Fine Arts and, as such, Director of the Institute), who will continue to advise on purchases. The collection is a monument to the exceptional skill and judgment with which the Trust income has been administered. A detailed catalogue (with 94 plates) of the Paintings, Drawings and Miniatures purchased during the first fifteen years of the operation of the Trust has just been published by the Cambridge University Press (£5 10s.).

GEMS FROM THE BARBER INSTITUTE—A MONUMENT TO WISE BUYING.



"AHASUERUS AND HAMAN"; BY AERT DE GELDER. (DUTCH; 1645-1727.) PURCHASED IN 1947. OIL ON CANVAS. (54½ by 46 ins.)



"A MAN HOLDING A SKULL"; BY FRANS HALS. (DUTCH; 1581-1666.) NOW AT THE R.A. EXHIBITION OF DUTCH ART. OIL ON PANEL. (37 by 28½ ins.)



"TWO PEASANTS BINDING FAGGOTS"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL, THE ELDER. (FLEMISH; 1525-1569.) OIL ON PANEL. (14½ by 10½ ins.)



"LA RONCEUSE"; BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC - MONFA. (FRENCH; 1864 - 1901.) OIL ON CARDBOARD. (19½ by 12½ ins.)



"MLLE. MALO"; BY EDGAR DEGAS. (FRENCH; 1834-1917.) MISS BROWSE STATES THAT TWO DANCERS OF THE NAME APPEAR IN THE OPERA LISTS. PASTEL. (20½ by 15½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF GIUSTO FERDINANDO TENDUCCI" THE CASTRATI SINGER; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. (BRITISH; 1727-1788.) OIL ON CANVAS. (30½ by 25½ ins.)



"THE HARVEST WAGON"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. (BRITISH; 1727-1788.) PAINTED NEAR BATH C. 1770. TWO OF THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTERS ARE REPRESENTED IN THE COMPOSITION. OIL ON CANVAS. (47½ by 57 ins.)



"LES TOURTERELLES" ("THE TURTLE DOVES"); BY NICOLAS LANCRET. (FRENCH; 1690-1743.) THE PAINTING WAS AT ONE TIME IN THE POSSESSION OF COMTE JACQUES (LATER MARQUIS) DE BRYAS. OIL ON CANVAS. (29½ by 38½ ins.)

It might have been thought that the task of a lifetime had been set the Trustees of the Barber Institute and the late Director, Professor Thomas Bodkin, when they set to work to acquire paintings of exceptional merit and importance painted not later than the end of the nineteenth century, according to the instructions for the administration of the Trust fund left by Dame Martha Constance H. Barber, founder of the Institute. Professor Bodkin has, however, proved well equal to the undertaking, and in the space of sixteen years, during which the Trust has been in operation, has collected a number of paintings and

drawings of the highest quality, and other works of art. In addition to their artistic importance, some of the pictures are of special documentary interest. One of these is the Barber Institute version of Gainsborough's "The Harvest Wagon." Painted near Bath c. 1770, it shows one of the artist's daughters in the wagon and the other climbing in. The grey horse, shown as leader, belonged to Gainsborough's friend, the carrier Wiltshire, and when the painter moved to London in 1774, he offered to buy it. Wiltshire refused payment and sent the horse as a gift, and in return Gainsborough gave him the painting.

ILLUSTRATING ITS WIDE RANGE: SACRED AND PROFANE ART FROM THE BARBER INSTITUTE.



THE Catalogue of the Paintings, Drawings and Miniatures in the Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University of Birmingham, has, as noted elsewhere, just been published by the Cambridge University Press. This fine and scholarly volume, with 94 plates, is the record of what must rank as an astonishing achievement—the assembling of a

[Continued below.]

(LEFT.) "APOLLO AND DAPHNE"; BY THE "PARIS MASTER." (FLORENTINE; ACTIVE MID-FIFTEENTH CENTURY.) FROM THE HENRY HARRIS COLLECTION. TEMPERA ON PANEL. (16½ by 19½ ins.)



"THE NATIVITY"; BY JAN DE BEER. (FLEMISH; c. 1490-1542.) FORMERLY IN THE COOK COLLECTION, DOUGHTY HOUSE. OIL ON PANEL. (54 ins. square.)



"PORTRAIT OF A BOY"; BY GIOVANNI BELLINI. (ITALIAN; c. 1430-1516.) FORMERLY IN THE HOLFORD COLLECTION. TEMPERA ON PANEL. (15 by 9 ins.)



"VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH THE INFANT ST. JOHN"; BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI. (ITALIAN; 1444-1510.) IN THE PITTI GALLERY, FLORENCE, THERE IS A VARIANT IN REVERSE. OIL ON CANVAS. (51½ by 36 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN"; BY CHRISTOPH AMBERGER. (GERMAN; c. 1500-1562.) THE PICTURE CAME INTO THE COLLECTIONS OF THE COUNTS MOLTKE, COPENHAGEN, IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. OIL ON PANEL. (23½ by 19½ ins.)



"BAIGNEUSES A TAHITI"; BY PAUL GAUGUIN. (FRENCH; 1848-1903.) SIGNED AND DATED LOWER RIGHT, P. GAUGUIN. 97. AT ONE TIME IN THE POSSESSION OF SAMUEL COURTAULD. OIL ON CANVAS. (29 by 36½ ins.)



"TANCRED AND ERMINIA"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN. (FRENCH; 1594-1665). PURCHASED IN FRANCE IN 1716 BY SIR JAMES THORNHILL. AN ILLUSTRATION TO TASSO'S GERUSALEMME LIBERATA. CANTO 19. OIL ON CANVAS. (29½ by 39½ ins.)

[Continued.] splendid and varied collection of works of art of the highest quality in the space of sixteen years. To find and to acquire such paintings and *objets d'art* must obviously be the work of years, and the task of the Trustees and Professor Thomas Bodkin, the late Barber Professor of Fine Arts and Director of the Institute, was made infinitely harder by the outbreak of World War II, which occurred shortly after the opening of the Institute by Queen Mary in July, 1939. At that time only thirteen paintings and twenty drawings, with a few specimens

of silver work and furniture had been assembled. Now the Barber Institute contains an impressive collection of paintings representing the great European schools, by such masters as Bellini, Botticelli, Cima, Hals, Rembrandt and Goya. "The Nativity," by de Beer, and the "Daphne and Apollo" by the "Paris Master," were purchased after the Catalogue has gone to press, and will thus be recorded in a supplementary volume. The Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, contains an earlier version of the Poussin, but differing in composition.

INCLUDING THE CLASSIC AND GROTESQUE: BARBER INSTITUTE SCULPTURE.



"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN." A VERY FINE NOTTINGHAM ALABASTER RELIEF. (ENGLISH; c. 1400.) (40 by 23 ins.)



"LAMP IN THE FORM OF A GROTESQUE BIRD"; BY ARENT VAN BOLTEN. (DUTCH; ACTIVE 1580-1600.) BRONZE. (Height 6½ ins.)



"SAINT DOROTHY"; BY DANIEL MAUCH. (GERMAN; ACTIVE c. 1500-c. 1538.) LIMEWOOD, PAINTED AND GILT. (Height 22½ ins.)



"RHINOCEROS." (GERMAN; MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.) BRONZE. (9½ by 18½ ins.) A REMARKABLY REALISTIC ANIMAL PORTRAIT.



"BULL"; BY GIOVANNI BOLOGNA. (ITALIAN; 1524-1608.) A MASTERLY PIECE OF SMALL SCULPTURE, FULL OF LIFE AND FIRE. BRONZE. (Height 16½ ins.)



"CHEVAL MARCHANT AU PAS RELEVÉ"; BY EDGAR DEGAS. (FRENCH; 1834-1917.) A PARTICULARLY FINE EXAMPLE OF HIS SCULPTURE. BRONZE. (8½ by 8 ins.)



"HEAD OF A DOG." (ROMAN; FIRST CENTURY B.C.) THE CHARACTER OF THE ANIMAL IS REPRESENTED WITH CONSUMMATE ART. BRONZE. (Height 4½ ins.)

The Barber Institute of Fine Arts, University of Birmingham, is now a museum of outstanding importance. It contains, in addition to the Paintings, Drawings and Miniatures recorded in the detailed catalogue published by the Cambridge University Press (£5 10s.), a most interesting collection of bronzes and other sculptures, some of which we illustrate on this page. The bronze Bull by Bologna is a superb example of sculpture in miniature; and the horse by Edgar Degas is an exceptionally fine piece of work, illustrating that painter's gifts as a sculptor. The collection also includes examples of sculpture of African

and Asiatic Schools. Among these the Chinese "Head of a Bodhisattva," T'ang Dynasty, and the Persian (Achæmenid Period) "Head of a Guard," are to be noted. The Trustees intend to publish a separate volume dealing with the sculpture, art objects and furniture and textiles which have been acquired, in the same detailed manner that the first volume of the Catalogue records the Paintings, Drawings and Miniatures; and to issue supplementary volumes in the future as required. Mr. Ellis Waterhouse is now Barber Professor of Fine Arts, and Director of the Institute.

OPERATIONAL HELICOPTERS FOR MALAYA, AND A NEW JET FIGHTER.



DURING THE GREATEST MASS FLY-PAST OF HELICOPTERS EVER HELD IN BRITAIN: AIRCRAFT OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST OPERATIONAL HELICOPTER SQUADRON, NO. 848, AT GOSPORT, BEFORE LEAVING FOR MALAYA.



TO BE USED FOR LIFTING WOUNDED FROM MALAYAN JUNGLE AND TROOP CARRYING: ONE OF THE AMERICAN SIKORSKY S. 55 HELICOPTERS OF NO. 848 SQUADRON.

The Royal Navy's first operational helicopter squadron, No. 848, consisting of ten American Sikorsky S.55 machines provided under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme, was due to embark in H.M.S. *Perseus* last week at Portsmouth and sail for Malaya, where they will lift sick and wounded from the jungle and carry troops into action. A fly-past of nine of the ten helicopters of No. 848 Squadron and eight S.51's of No. 705 Squadron, which is responsible for conversion training of naval air and ground crews for helicopter duties, took place at Gosport on December 8, and was the largest mass fly-past of helicopters ever held in Britain. No. 848 Squadron is commanded by Lieut.-Commander S. H. Suthers. The machines are fitted with eight passenger seats and two crew seats, and can carry three stretchers and three sitting cases each. The pilots have had experience of landing among trees in the New Forest.



SHOWN WITH THE DOORS OPEN: A REAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE HELICOPTERS OF THE NEWLY-FORMED NO. 848 SQUADRON.



GIVEN "SUPER-PRIORITY" ORDERS FOR THE R.A.F.: THE NEW VERSION OF THE HAWKER HUNTER JET FIGHTER—THE HUNTER F2.

On December 11 it was announced that a new version of the Hawker *Hunter* jet fighter, the F2, powered by an Armstrong-Siddeley *Sapphire* turbo-jet engine, had made its first flight at the firm's test airfield at Dunsfold. Mr. Neville Duke, Hawker Aircraft's chief test pilot, who flew the aircraft, found its behaviour perfect, and it has been given "super-priority" orders for the R.A.F. The external

appearance of the new *Hunter* F2 is virtually identical with that of the F1, but because of the tremendous power of the *Sapphire*, the new machine will travel faster and farther than any *Hunter* before. The mark of the *Sapphire* installed in the F2 is secret; but one mark of *Sapphire* has been type tested at 8300 lbs. thrust, a figure that is higher than that of any other type tested jet engine in the world.



"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR"—THE DE HAVILLAND COMET: THE RECORD-BREAKING JET-PROPELLED AIRLINER, WHICH HAS GAINED FOR BRITAIN A DECISIVE WORLD LEAD IN CIVIL AVIATION DESIGN.

The De Havilland Comet airliner we show here is one of the eight of Series I, now flying in regular B.O.A.C. services to South Africa, Ceylon, Singapore and (shortly) to Tokyo. This aircraft, which has started a new era in world air travel, cruises at 500 m.p.h. and is highly competitive in cost per ton-mile compared with current piston-engined airliners. Also its high speed makes it able to fly more miles and carry more ton-miles of payload in the year. The relative simplicity of the jet engine also means that less time is uneconomically spent in maintenance; and the vibrationless comfort of this aircraft has already become a byword. The Series I, is already succeeded by Series Ia, and the prototype of Series II, has already flown. In

Series II, the engines will be Rolls-Royce Avons instead of the De Havilland Ghosts of Series I; and the effect of this development will be that the Series II Comets will go further and fly even faster on the same fuel and with the same payload. Production models of Series II, are expected to be available in the summer of 1953; and these will be produced at the three factories at Hatfield, Belfast and Chester. These two latter factories have already started up and are producing small parts, and are tooling up for full production, which it is expected will be reached in 1954. Orders for the Comets in Series I, Ia, and II, have been received, in addition to those ordered by B.O.A.C., from Canadian Pacific Air Lines, the Union Aeronautique de

Transport of France, the Royal Canadian Air Force (which proposes to use them as transports), Air France, British Commonwealth Pacific Airways, Venezuela L.A.V., and Japan Air Lines. In addition, Pan-American World Airways have given orders for the Series III Comet, a considerably larger aircraft, of which the prototype is expected in 1954, with production models in 1956. B.O.A.C. also hold options on this Series III, model. The Series I, and Ia Comets, of which production is now tailing off, are normally laid out as 36-seaters, with eight passengers in the forward cabin and twenty-eight in the main cabin; and this is the lay-out preferred by B.O.A.C. The Comet has proved very handy in the air and in landing and take-off;

and, indeed in all handling and traffic respects the Comet is orthodox. It was claimed before it went into regular service that the use of kerosene fuel materially reduced the fire hazard and also the precautions necessary when working on the aircraft. Indeed, insurance companies raise no objection to the Comet being refuelled overnight and parked indoors with 6000 gallons on board. And, in fact, the safety of the aircraft was proved in action when one made a forced landing and crashed during the critical take-off period at Rome on October 26. Despite the fact that the aircraft ploughed along the runway, there was no outbreak of fire and no injury whatever to the thirty-five passengers and six crew.

FROM THE DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH we have only just entered the last lap before Christmas, the weather, at the moment of writing, has all the attributes of a traditional Christmas. Deep

snow and hard frost; icicles hang by the wall, rows of them; Tom, or someone, has borne logs into the hall, milk comes frozen—from the "fridge"—and birds sit brooding in the snow. Crazy place to sit brooding! How much snuggler, surely, in deep shelter under the evergreens. But maybe they know best. As likely as not, when Christmas actually arrives, there will be usual instead of traditional weather—green, raw, slushy, foggy. Surest sign that Christmas looms was the age-old edict that went forth a week or two ago—"no expensive Christmas presents this year." Why? I have known that slogan since childhood, and it has

LOOKING BACK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

one morning I heard Frank battling with the fellow over the phone. In desperation and exasperation, he asked me if I would cope. Memory jumped back thirty years, and I took over. "What is it you want?" I asked. He *must* have our cropping plan in full. Most urgent. "Right," I said. "Have you got a pencil and paper?—good. I propose growing about four-fifths of an acre of assorted brassicas, all of a highly antiscorbutic nature. I have already planted one acre of *Atropa belladonna*, and I propose sowing half-an-acre of *Hyoscyamus niger*—if I can get the seed. It may not come up for two years. I shall grow five, or possibly six, poles of *Lactuca*, the same acreage of *Phaseolus coccineus*, a couple of poles of *Allium porrum*, and an acre of *Solanum tuberosum* variety *Rex Edwardius Septimus*—got that?" No reply. And there never was any reply. Memory, I should explain, had jumped back to a rather similar emergency list in Eden Phillpotts' "My Garden." The bombshell was, therefore, not quite original, though the "King Edward" "spud" was all mine.

The early incident that I mentioned happened a year or two after I started the nursery, and was typical of the delightful spirit of friendly helpfulness that I found from first to last among my fellow-nurserymen. I put

same thing happened with unfailing regularity, so much so that I would make a point of taking *Daphne cneorum* to the late May Shows, invite one or two of my friends to come

and hear about dear old Clusius and his quaint old Latin, and then lure the Daffodil King, all unsuspecting, to the bait. He rose to it every time. In later years a white *Daphne cneorum* did make its appearance, and is still in cultivation. But I am not quite satisfied that it is true *cneorum*. It is smaller and much more prostrate than the *cneorum* that we all know. I think that more probably it is an albino form of the closely allied *Daphne verloti*. A charming thing nevertheless.

The Rev. Englehart was for many years a leading raiser of new daffodils, a dear, kindly, cultivated and frail-looking old gentleman, who brought the most wonderful exhibits to the R.H.S. Hall. At one Show that I remember very well, he brought his latest creation, a trumpet daffodil that was then the nearest to a pink that had ever been seen. Not far from this wonder I met a friend who asked me if there was anything outstanding in the Show. He was a very distinguished gardener, a big man, with a big voice, and a great hatred of all hybrid flowers and fancy garden varieties. It was wicked of me, but I wanted to observe mutual reactions. I led my friend to the pink daffodil. Englehart was there and looking as pleased as a dog with, not two, but a whole truss of tails. "What about that?" I asked my friend. For a moment he glared, and then roared out the two words, "Damned bastard," and stumped off. Poor Englehart could not have looked more shaken if the epithet had been addressed to him.

In more recent years there was "The Adventure of the Missed George Medal." It was at a Chelsea Show during the *really* private view when the Royal party are there. The late George Monro and I were chatting in the big marquee, and noticed that the King (King



THE LOVELY AND FRAGRANT *DAPHNE CNEORUM*: (ABOVE) A TYPICAL SMALL BUSHLET AND (RIGHT) DETAIL OF THE ELEGANT WAXY FLOWERS. NEITHER PHOTOGRAPH, HOWEVER, SHOWS THE WHITE FORM WHICH "DEAR OLD CLUSIUS" ONCE FOUND, BUT THE USUAL FORM WITH RED BUDS AND PINK FLOWERS. Photographs by (above) R. A. Malby and Co., and (right) D. F. Merrett.

never worked. The only plan in this matter, surely, is to give with reasonable, not too reasonable, restraint, and take what comes with unrestrained gratitude. But one word of advice. Play for safety and balance the Christmas budget by giving yourself one really noble present.

This year I am giving myself two presents. As to the really noble one, I have not yet decided. The other will cost me nothing. On the contrary. Instead of writing directly about plants, flowers, and the English garden, I am going to give myself the pleasure, here and now, of casting memory back over the forty years during which I founded and ran my Alpine plant nursery at Stevenage. Starting a nursery from scratch, and running it for a living, was, I found, by no means easy. Snags and setbacks were numerous, and there were difficult, anxious times, especially during the two world wars. I find now, that to remember the snags and bad patches I have to think quite hard. But it is not of those that I intend to write. I am going to give myself the treat of gossiping about some of the incidents that amused me at the time, and which still make me chuckle when I think of them. I think I will begin at the end, or very near the end, of my time at the nursery, and then jump to an incident of the very earliest years.

Very shortly after war broke out—the last one—I destroyed about 90 per cent. of my stock of herbaceous and Alpine plants, and started to grow vegetables and medicinal herbs. Each spring I had to send in a cropping plan of what I intended to grow during the coming year, one acre of this, and so many poles of that, and so on. The official to whom these plans went could not have been more charming, sympathetic and helpful. But then some busybody-in-office in another part of the county started demanding exactly the same information and returns. That was too much. Our authentic official friend assured us that the busybody had no real standing and that his demands were unfounded and redundant. Good enough. Frank Barker as manager dealt with the pest for a week or two, but the demands, more and more insistent, became almost threatening. Then

up a rather large and ambitious exhibit of Michaelmas daisies, cut and arranged in vases, at an R.H.S. Show. On the Monday evening they looked grand. Next morning the exhibit looked frightful. More than half those asters had flagged hopelessly and beyond recovery. I had cut them with full-length stems, and, new to the game, I had failed to scrape and split their woody bases. But all was well. That in-every-way-good nurseryman, the late Mr. Jones of Lewisham, was exhibiting Michaelmas daisies exactly opposite my calamity. He told me where I had gone wrong, and pressed me to help myself to all I wanted from the fine surplus of flowers that he had brought up.

At an R.H.S. Show in May, many years ago, I had on my exhibit some plants of the fragrant *Daphne cneorum*. The Rev. Englehart, the famous Daffodil King of those days, came along, stopped at my exhibit, spotted the *Daphne*, and remarked: "Ah, *Daphne cneorum*, interesting, now I remember so well reading dear old Clusius, who, in his quaint old Latin, told how he once discovered a white *Daphne cneorum*. I can not help wondering if such a thing exists to-day." Exactly a year later exactly the same thing happened again. I was showing the *Daphne*, and Englehart came along, stopped, and exclaimed: "Ah, *Daphne cneorum*, interesting. Now I remember so well reading dear old Clusius, who, in his quaint old Latin, etc., etc." After that, for a number of years, the



George VI.) and Queen were coming towards us and would shortly pass within a few yards of where we were standing in a side gangway. Suddenly I noticed a man standing on the other side of our gangway. He was holding in front of him, very gingerly, what looked like a cardboard boot box. I drew Monro's attention to it, and together we hurried across and confronted the man. "What have you got in that box?" demanded George. The fellow hesitated, looking confused and resentful. I was craning forward listening for sinister "tick-ticks" from the box. The Royal party were getting desperately near. I wondered whether I should grab the box, rush to the nearest entrance, and hurl it into the open. "Show me what's in that box," commanded George—and he was an imperious-looking man. Slowly, oh, so gently, the lid was lifted. We peered in, and there lay two fallen blossoms of *Rhododendron* "Pink Pearl." The anticlimax was devastating. But I kept my head. "Oh, how beautiful," I cooed. "Are you going to paint them?" "Yes," said the strange man, and was gone. And that was how Monro and I just missed a George Medal each.



GAITY AGAINST A GRIM BACKGROUND: PAPER-CHAIN DECORATIONS IN STRANGWAYS GAOL, MANCHESTER, ON DECEMBER 8, WHEN A CAROL SERVICE WAS HELD IN THE PRISON.

A GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL, THE "DIEHARDS" RETURN, RAIL TRACK TESTS, AND TWO GAOLS IN THE NEWS.



THE WORK OF PRISONERS AT BRIXTON GAOL: AN EXHIBITION OF HANDICRAFTS MADE DURING VOLUNTARY EVENING CLASSES WHICH WERE STARTED LAST YEAR.

An exhibition of work, which included paintings and handicrafts, was recently held at Brixton Prison. All the exhibits were made by prisoners at voluntary evening classes. The gaol now has nineteen study courses, run by the London County Council to help prisoners when they leave prison and look for jobs.



RECORDING IRREGULARITIES IN THE TRACK: THE BRITISH RAILWAYS OBSERVATION COACH FITTED OUT WITH THE "HALLADE" UNIT.

Experiments with a French track-testing coach (shown right) are being conducted by British Railways in the Western Region. The British coach used for testing track levels is shown above. The "Hallade" mechanism is portable and can be used in an ordinary compartment as well as in a special coach. The French test vehicle has been lent by the French National Railways so that its performance and efficiency may be compared with the one now in use in this country.



(ABOVE.) ON BOARD THE "VOITURE DES EXPERIENCES": FRENCH OPERATORS IN THE FRENCH TRACK-TESTING COACH WHICH IS BEING TESTED BY BRITISH RAILWAYS IN THE WESTERN REGION. FEELERS TOUCHING THE RAILS OPERATE A PEN WHICH RECORDS IMPERFECTIONS OF THE TRACK ON A MOVING BAND OF PAPER.



(LEFT.) THE "DIEHARDS" HOME FROM KOREA: THE 1ST BATTALION, THE MIDDLE-SEA REGIMENT, MARCHING PAST HORNSEY TOWN HALL, WHERE THE MAYOR, ALDERMAN LIEUT.-COMMANDER G. F. PALLETT, TOOK THE SALUTE.

(RIGHT.) DEDICATED BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, DR. A. C. DON: THE GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL WINDOW BY MR. HUGH EASTON, IN WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

The doctors and nurses of Westminster Hospital who tended King George VI. during his last illness are commemorated in a memorial window, designed and made by Mr. Hugh Easton, that was dedicated by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. A. C. Don, in the chapel of the hospital on December 10.



THE MOMENT WHEN BRITAIN JOINED THE ATOMIC POWERS: DRAMATIC SHOTS FROM THE OFFICIAL FILM OF THE MONTE BELLO ATOMIC TEST.



TURNING TO LOOK AT THE MONTE BELLO BLAST FOR THE FIRST TIME: (RIGHT) DR. W. G. PENNEY, SCIENTIFIC DIRECTOR OF THE TEST, AND (CENTRE) REAR-ADMIRAL A. D. TORLESSE.



TENSELY WATCHING THE SECONDS TICK AWAY UNTIL THE MOMENT OF BURST: SCIENTISTS IN THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM IN THE CARRIER H.M.S. CAMPANIA.



AT VARIOUS POINTS FROM THE CENTRE OF BURST CIVIL DEFENCE EQUIPMENT WAS TESTED; AND HERE A SCIENTIST IS SEEN MEASURING AN ANDERSON SHELTER ON THE ISLANDS.



THE EXPLOSION HAS TAKEN PLACE AND A MUSHROOM-SHAPED CLOUD RISES; BUT THE CREW, UNDER ORDERS, ARE STILL TURNED AWAY FROM THE BLAST ON CAMPANIA'S FLIGHT DECK.



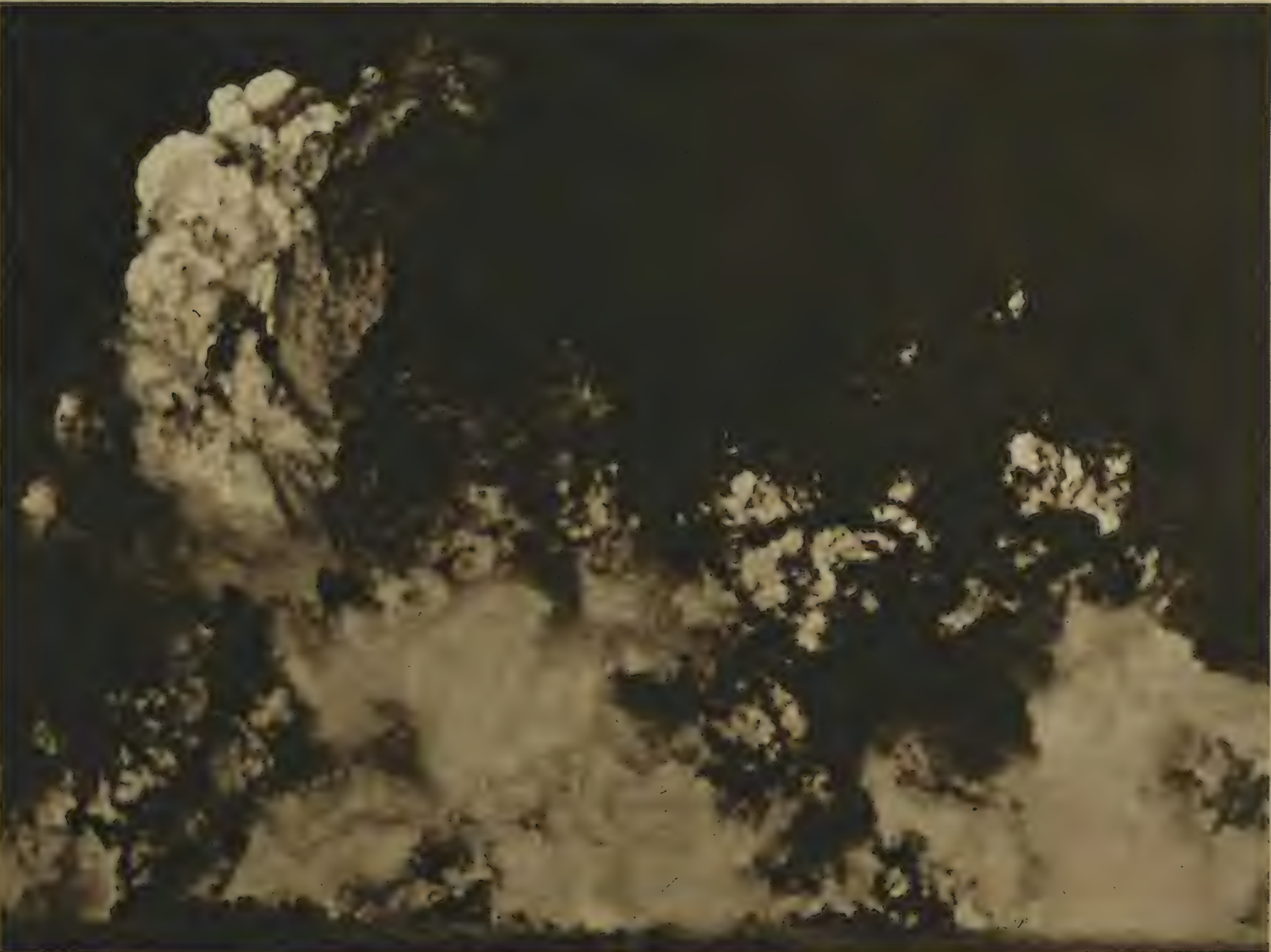
THE CREW TURN TO SEE THE HUGE COLUMN OF BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC EXPLOSION, WHICH THE HIGH-ALTITUDE WINDS ARE JUST BEGINNING TO FORM INTO THE "Z" SHAPE.

On these two pages we show some shots from the version of the official film of the atomic bomb test in the Monte Bello Islands, which was released to the public on December 11. The film as shown to the Press and Trade was of eight minutes' length; and it was stated that the film companies proposed to cut it to about three-and-a-half minutes for commercial showing. It was also being made available for television. The full uncut version of the film was said to last for eight hours; and, as was inevitable, an immense amount has been cut, much of it, no

doubt, for security reasons. The most interesting thing revealed is undoubtedly the fact that the explosion in its initial stages was of the usual mushroom-shape; and that the "Z" shape, which seemed so remarkable a feature when the first distant photographs were released, only developed when the column of the explosion reached the powerful winds at high altitudes of the atmosphere. The film also indicates some of the Civil Defence tests made, but, not unnaturally, does not show any of the findings on this point.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MONTE BELLO ATOMIC BOMB—A SHOT FROM THE OFFICIAL FILM TAKEN AT THE TIME. THE INITIAL FLASH WAS MANY TIMES BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN, AND THE SKY SHOWS BLACK BY CONTRAST.



BEFORE THE NAKED EYE COULD LOOK AT IT WITHOUT RISKING BLINDNESS: THE INITIAL STAGES OF THE MONTE BELLO EXPLOSION, WHEN THE ISLANDS WERE COMPLETELY SEARED AND THE WARSHIP H.M.S. PLYM "VAPORISED." AT THIS POINT THE FIREBALL WAS RAPIDLY EXPANDING TO HUNDREDS OF FEET ACROSS.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS OF 1952: "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" PRIZE-WINNERS.



VOTED THE SECOND-BEST SPORTS PICTURE OF THE YEAR: "'DAISY B.' SAYS GOOD-BYE"; BY CHARLES HOLLIDAY.



VOTED THE BEST FEATURE PICTURE OF 1952: "SPRINT FOR SUNSHINE"; BY MALCOLM MCNEILL.



VOTED THE BEST SPORTS PICTURE OF THE YEAR: "WHOOSH!"; BY MALCOLM MCNEILL.



"LYING IN STATE," BY L. C. LAKING, WHO TIED WITH WILLIAM BARRETT FOR THE TITLE "BRITISH PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER OF 1952" WITH A PORTFOLIO OF TEN PICTURES.



"WENDY MILLER ON TANGERINE"; BY WILLIAM BARRETT, WHOSE PORTFOLIO OF TEN PHOTOGRAPHS TIED WITH THAT OF L. C. LAKING IN THE "PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR" TITLE.



"STEEL TRAIN"; ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE PORTFOLIO WHICH WON L. C. LAKING THE TIED FIRST PLACE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE YEAR.



VOTED THE BEST DESCRIPTIVE PICTURE OF THE YEAR: "VERTICAL CLIMB"; BY RUSSELL ADAMS.



VOTED THE THIRD-BEST DESCRIPTIVE PICTURE OF THE YEAR: "CIGARETTE LIGHTER"; BY JACK CURTIS.

On December 9, Mr. Walter Gifford, the U.S. Ambassador in London, presented the "Encyclopædia Britannica" awards for 1952 to British Press Photographers; and we show here and on the opposite page some of the winning photographs. The competition was divided into eight sections: Portfolios of ten pictures, Picture sequences, News, Sports, Feature, Descriptive, High-speed and Colour. This was the fifth annual competition, and for the first time the judges were unable to agree in the portfolio competition, which carries with it the title "British Press

Photographer of 1952," and the title was divided between L. C. Laking of London News Agency and William Barrett of the *Daily Graphic*, who each received a Plaque of Merit and a cheque for 50 guineas.—The prize-winners whose photographs are shown above are attached to the following newspapers, agencies or firms: Charles Holliday, *Sport and General*; Malcolm McNeill, *"Sunday Pictorial"*; L. C. Laking, *London News Agency*; William Barrett, *"Daily Graphic"*; Russell Adams, *Gloster Aircraft Company*; Jack Curtis, *"Reveille."*

BRILLIANT, REGAL, DRAMATIC, PATHETIC: PRIZE-WINNING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS.



VOTED THE BEST HIGH-SPEED PHOTOGRAPH IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" COMPETITION FOR 1952: "MAKING A CATCH"; BY STANLEY DEVON.



"HAPPY AND GLORIOUS"—A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY ON HER WAY TO OPEN PARLIAMENT; BY CHARLES DAWSON, THE BEST NEWS PICTURE OF THE YEAR.



"CAPTAIN CARLSEN OF THE 'FLYING ENTERPRISE'"; BY H. P. ANDREWS: VOTED THE THIRD-BEST NEWS PICTURE OF THE YEAR IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA" COMPETITION.



"TRAIN CRASH"; BY CECIL PHILLIPS, JUNR.: A SCENE FROM THE HARROW-AND-WEALDSTONE TRIPLE TRAIN COLLISION DISASTER, VOTED SECOND-BEST NEWS PICTURE OF 1952.

In the fifth annual "Encyclopædia Britannica" competition for British Press photographs of 1952—from which we show some of the prize-winners above—there were 1576 photographs submitted by 179 British Press photographers. These 179 photographers represented thirty-five newspapers, nine agencies and five magazines. There were six free-lance entrants, and five entrants from other organisations. An exhibition of 135 prints from sixty-one photographers, including the prize-winners, will form part of the Centenary Celebrations of the Royal

Photographic Society in 1953; and all the pictures selected for the Exhibition will be sent to the United States to compete in the annual international competition organised by the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in conjunction with the National Press Photographers' Association of the United States.—The prize-winners, whose photographs are shown above, are attached to the following newspaper and agency: Stanley Devon, "Daily Graphic"; Charles Dawson, H. P. Andrews and Cecil Phillips, Junr., all Planet News.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SENSE OF PROPERTY IN FISHES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

DURING the last five weeks, a family party of two black-banded cichlids, and some 200 young ones, have been seen in the aquarium at the London Zoo. In a tank 3 ft. square and 4½ ft. deep, the family has occupied a territory at one end. In this same tank are some fifty other cichlids, fire-mouths, Brazilians and others. Yet the territory held by the black-banded pair, which, incidentally, are noticeably smaller than the rest, might as well be enclosed within a glass box for all that the others attempt to invade it. It is true that every now and then one of the outsiders will wander across the well-defined but invisible boundary. Immediately, the parent black-banded cichlid will dart across, like an old man-o-war closing with the enemy and cleared for action, with colours intensified, fins up and gill-covers raised.

Cichlid fishes, favourite "tropicals" with the aquarists, are found in the rivers and lakes all over Africa and Madagascar, most of South America, and Central America, extending north to Texas. In addition, there are two species in Southern India and Ceylon. In build they have nothing unusual. Their bodies are somewhat flattened from side to side, leading, in some, such as the well-known Angel-fish, to a shape that comes near to looking like a plate set on edge. In most, again, the head is well developed, the jaws strong, and the lower jaw somewhat jutting. Although the build is not striking, the colours of the body are attractive and, more especially, the breeding habits are of outstanding interest. These vary in detail from species to species, but for most of them, the breeding behaviour follows certain general lines which can be broadly summarised.

With the onset of breeding condition, the colours become heightened. This is usually most marked in the male. At the same time, there is a noticeable difference in behaviour. The male, at such a time, becomes far less sociable and, among other things, proceeds to lay claim to a part of the aquarium, his territory. Should another fish, especially one of his own species, swim into this, the breeding male immediately goes into display. His colour becomes more intense, his fins are erected to their full extent, and the gill-covers are raised. The effect, as mentioned above, is like that of an old "wooden-wall" going into action, with colours flying, sails set and guns run out. If the intruder is another male, subsequent action will depend upon whether he is in breeding condition himself or not. If he is not in breeding condition, then he turns and flees, and is chased to the boundary of the territory. On the other hand, a male also in a belligerent mood will return the display. Thereupon the two will circle head to tail, each presenting a flank to the other, at the same time beating towards the other's flank with his tail. Very often it goes no farther than this, the fight being broken off by the intruder fleeing. It may, however, end in the two contestants seizing each other by the mouth. In any case, it is the owner of the territory, almost invariably, that is victorious. Having your feet on your own property gives a courage and a confidence which the trespasser invariably lacks. So is it, even with fishes.

The first effect on the occupying male, when a female fish of his species swims in, is the same as for an intruding male. He displays belligerently. Her behaviour is, however, different. She goes coy, in what has been called an attitude of symbolical inferiority. This does not always save her from attack, but instead of retaliating, she accepts the blows, which

gradually subside as he becomes aware of the presence of a potential mate. In some cichlids, other preliminaries are indulged in, the pair seizing each other by the mouth, tugging and twisting in an apparent trial of strength. This may be repeated several times. Usually it ends in a successful mating, although it may end fatally for one or the other.

end, and preparations for spawning go on actively. This includes digging pits in the sand, using the mouth, and of cleaning an area for the reception of the spawn. This last, the spawning site, may be the surface of a stone or part of the glass of the aquarium. Whatever surface is chosen, the two fishes set about cleaning it scrupulously with their mouths.

When the eggs are laid and fertilised, both parents take part in their care. One of them takes up position over the surface on which they are laid, and to which they are adhering. Stationary there, it fans the eggs continuously with fins and tail. Every few minutes they change over. The purpose of this fanning is not fully understood, and while it may result in a higher supply of oxygen for the successful completion of the rapid and vast changes taking place within the eggs, it is also believed that it may serve to prevent the settlement of fungal spores that might germinate on, and attack, the eggs. Cleanliness seems to underlie all the attentions given by the cichlids to their eggs. Any that are infertile are eaten, thus minimising the risk of an infection for the rest. At a later stage, too, the eggs are removed from the spawning site to one of the pits dug in the sand. This is done a few at a time, each parent taking the eggs in the mouth to a journey, the other stands on guard. Later, by the same laborious process, the eggs will be transferred to another of the pits.

When finally the fry hatch, there is intense watchfulness by the parents. For the most part, and especially in the early stages, the fry keep well together, but any that stray are taken in the mouth by one of the parents and returned to the fold. What keeps the young fishes together and within the territory is the subject of much speculation. It is here sufficient to record the fact that they do. What is more remarkable, other fishes in the same aquarium keep outside the territory.

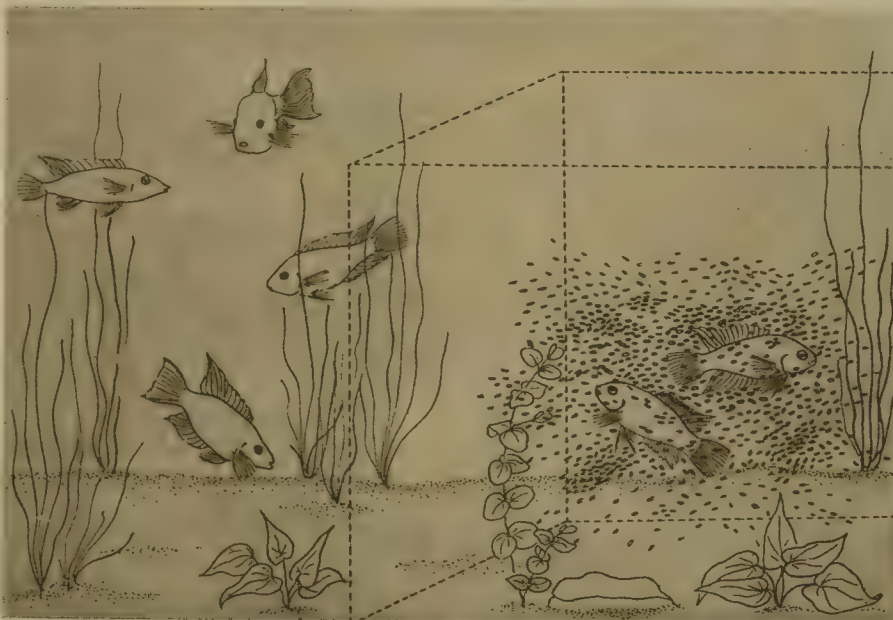
There is nothing remarkable in this account for the aquarist, to whom such behaviour is well known. Nor is it a new thing to see it taking place in the Zoo Aquarium. Even so, it is still a remarkable story, for two reasons more especially. Several observers have recounted of fishes holding territories, that the owner will stop suddenly at its boundary as if, as they have put it, he has suddenly bumped his nose against an invisible wall. Even although he may swim towards it at speed, there will be the sudden stop, at the boundary. Conversely, other fishes occupying the waters beyond the boundary recognise it in like manner and do not normally transgress it. There

are two factors in this, both worthy of consideration. First, it is noteworthy that the boundary is not only well defined and geometrically regular, but is readily recognised by all concerned. Its position was established by constant fighting before spawning took place, and maintained by the same display of force

until the young are old enough to go off on their own. For all that, to appreciate how the other fishes and, indeed, the holders of the territory recognise the boundaries, we have to imagine human properties without fences or hedges and ourselves respecting the boundaries by the use of relatively few landmarks. The second factor is that, for the most part and for most of the time, the neighbouring fishes in the aquarium tank seem to respect the boundary. The sense of property, and the respect normally shown by human beings for another's property and boundaries, is evidently deeply rooted in the past.



ONE OF THE MORE POPULAR TROPICAL AQUARIUM FISHES WHICH, IN COMMON WITH MANY OTHER SPECIES, BEFORE SPAWNING ESTABLISH A WELL-DEFINED TERRITORY BY FIGHTING OFF ALL OTHERS THAT SEEK TO INTRUDE: A PAIR OF BLACK-BANDED CICHLIDS WITH A PART OF THEIR BROOD.



AS DEFINITE AS IF THE PARENTS AND THEIR BROOD WERE LIVING WITHIN A GLASS BOX SET INSIDE THE AQUARIUM: THE BOUNDARIES OF THE TERRITORY (INDICATED BY DOTTED LINES) OF A PAIR OF CICHLIDS WHICH ARE SELDOM TRANSGRESSED BY THE NON-BREEDING FISHES LIVING IN THE WATER BEYOND WHO STOP SHORT AT THEM "AS IF THEY HAD BUMPED THEIR NOSES ON AN INVISIBLE WALL"—A SEMI-DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING THE PROPORTIONS OF WHICH ARE NOT NECESSARILY TO SCALE. [From the drawings by Jane Burton.]

The choice of partners is only the first stage in a courtship, during which the two fishes maintain, to the best of their ability, the boundaries of their territory inviolate, the male doing most of the display or fighting, the female assisting when necessary. Merely defending the territory is only a means to an

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

NEXT year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and *The Illustrated London News* will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that the ideal gift for Christmas, particularly for friends overseas, would be a year's subscription to *The Illustrated London News*.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for *The Illustrated London News* to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

IN 1953—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.



PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER (R.) AT THE H.Q. OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION, WITH (L.) MAJOR-GENERAL ALSTON-ROBERTS-WEST, THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER.



AFTER VISITING THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA CAPITOL DIVISION: GENERAL EISENHOWER SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER, MAJOR-GENERAL SONG YOU CHAN.



GENERAL EISENHOWER INSPECTING BRITISH, AUSTRALIAN, CANADIAN, NEW ZEALAND AND INDIAN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION.



A SOUTH KOREAN OFFICER EXPLAINS TO GENERAL EISENHOWER (LEFT) THE SITUATION OF KOREAN TROOPS, ON A SAND-TABLE SHOWING THE FRONT.



THE U.S. HEAVY CRUISER *HELENA*, IN WHICH PRESIDENT-ELECT EISENHOWER SAILED FROM GUAM ON HIS RETURN FROM KOREA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT PEARL HARBOUR.

GENERAL EISENHOWER IN KOREA: THE PRESIDENT-ELECT VISITING BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTH KOREAN TROOPS.

As briefly reported in our previous issue, President-elect Eisenhower implemented his election promise to study Korean conditions at first hand by flying there for a three-day visit, beginning on December 2. Elaborate security precautions were taken in Korea and the capital, Seoul, was extensively decorated with welcoming banners and slogans. The General, however, did not make public appearances in Seoul but devoted his time to a crowded programme of military and political visits. He had three talks with President Syngman Rhee; and visited a U.S.

air base, the U.S. 1st Marine Division, the U.S. I Corps, the British Commonwealth Division, 8055 Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, 1st R.O.K. Division, 2nd and 3rd U.S. Divisions and the Capitol R.O.K. Division. He was accompanied by his son, Major John Eisenhower, who is serving in Korea. At the British Commonwealth Division there was a parade of representatives from all units of the Division, and the guard of honour contained Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, Indians and men of the Royal Artillery and the Black Watch.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE PLOTS THICKEN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

THERE is a rather awkward moment in "An Italian Straw Hat" when Laurence Payne, as a young bridegroom, looking desperately into the auditorium of the Old Vic, cries: "The thick plot-tens!" Hearing this elementary Spoonerism, graver members of the audience at the première bent their heads, and one seemed to detect a sound of low moaning. It was not, I fear, an inspired fizz of wit; but these things do happen in farces; the moans came, I fancy, merely because the farce was acted on the grave stage of the Old Vic. Otherwise, none would have cared a straw.

In the theatre plots have been thickening about us furiously. I mentioned in the last first-night Journal the production of "The Mousetrap" at the Ambassadors. This is the brand of play to which some of us listen with strained attention in the theatre, and then spend the next hours in calling it preposterous and over-burdened. Much, of course, depends on our success in villain-spotting. "The Mousetrap" is a hunt-the-thimble puzzle-play. Anyone who solves the puzzle, or a bit of it, in the first interval (as I did, crowing with turkeycock pride) is likely to be kinder to the piece than other poor souls are, baffled in the cold airs of West Street some time after ten o'clock.

Mrs. Agatha Christie is the dramatist. No one I know complicates her plots with so much enjoyment. She makes the gruel "thick and slab." In this play we appear to be living simultaneously in the past and the present. On the night before "The Mousetrap" I had heard an expert radio production of John Masefield's neglected play, "Melloney Holtspur," in which the ghosts of the past influence the fortunes of their descendants. I felt that, in quite another fashion, there were ghosts around during "The Mousetrap." Whether it persuades or not must be left to the individual playgoer. Some of Mrs. Christie's explanations I accepted eagerly; others I could not take. But it would be unkind to say too much about it when, for well over two hours, we had been kept in pleasant suspense.

Alas, it is impossible to talk freely about this type of play. A thoughtless word, and all is lost. Any critic whose pen slips is forever among the fallen. So

play as "Ten Little Niggers," that Mrs. Christie takes a sharp delight in answering. In this piece her signature-tune is "Three Blind Mice," that grim nursery-catch of a farmer's wife who was not copyrighted by Phillpotts.

It is awkward, in the circumstances, to say more of the cast than to report their manœuvrings, with tact and good sense, around the waiting trap. There

Sloane School, Chelsea, where Guy Boas, the Headmaster, substituted Shaw's last act, the caper that G.B.S. called "Cymbeline Refinished," and which he wrote originally for the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. (Stratford would not face it.) Shaw could not swallow the mole on the neck, but then he would not swallow anything in the thickening plot at the end of "Cymbeline." He observed in his foreword that "Plot has always been the curse of serious drama, and indeed of serious literature of any kind." And,

to please himself, he solved Cymbeline's problems in the way (so he holds) that Shakespeare might have done "if he had been post-Ibsen and post-Shaw instead of post-Marlowe." The result is an engaging cynical flourish at the end of which Imogen says:

I must go home and make the best of it
As other women must.

Sloane School has become famous for its boy players; but they are better in Shakespeare than in Shaw. The first four acts of "Cymbeline" were managed with clarity and decision; it was only when Shaw looked in at the end that I began to lose my faith in the characters. The acting did honour to Mr. Boas's alert direction; and Godfrey Philipp, who was so memorable a Jessica last year, showed us how Shakespeare's boys might have tackled such a part as Imogen. True, he was happier as Jessica—a schoolboy performance that stays for me unmatched—but, some unlucky vocal forcing apart, his Imogen had feeling and spirit. It is no small thing for a boy of sixteen to attempt the loveliest of Shakespeare's women.

Last, a plot that thickened in what somebody calls "a mediæval cowshed" near Land's End, Cornwall: that is, an unusual specimen of a cottage with a glittering land-and-seascape behind it. I was not richly persuaded by the matrimonial put-and-take of "Sweet Peril" (St. James's), and I had heard more flexible dialogue; Mary Orr and Reginald Denham seemed quite sure that someone would say, "The distaff side of the Jevons family has always had to carry three-fourths of the load." I could not believe that any book written by the young man whom



"FOR WELL OVER TWO HOURS WE HAD BEEN KEPT IN PLEASANT SUSPENSE": "THE MOUSETRAP"—A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY AGATHA CHRISTIE AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE, SHOWING DETECTIVE-SERGEANT TROTTER (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH) ARRIVING ON SKIS TO INVESTIGATE A MURDER TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THE GUESTS AT MONKSWELL MANOR. (L. TO R.) MRS. BOYLE (MIGNON O'DOHERTY); GILES RALSTON (JOHN PAUL); TROTTER (RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH); MR. FARAVICINI (MARTIN MILLER); MOLLIE RALSTON (SHEILA SIM); MAJOR METCALF (AUBREY DEXTER); CHRISTOPHER WREN (ALLAN MCCLELLAND)

is Richard Attenborough, who swoops up on skis, and who has a swift line in cross-examination; there are Jessica Spencer, one of the most likeable of our young actresses, with Allan McClelland, Mignon O'Doherty, Aubrey Dexter, and Martin Miller—who could, I think, vary his brand of eccentric comedy—as the guests; and Sheila Sim and John Paul as the remarkably sanguine hosts of the new guest-house. No; do not be mistaken; I said "sanguine," not "sanguinary." It is for you to work through the mazes of the plot. Good hunting.

Maze is undeniably the word when we speak of "Cymbeline," one of Shakespeare's most plot-conscious plays. Personally, I share "Q's" affection for the last half-hour of this late romance when everybody recognises everybody else, and disclosure huddles upon disclosure. One of my favourite wild phrases, and one that Shakespeare must have written self-consciously, is Cymbeline's downright

Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a
sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

To which Belarius responds
with some unction:

This is he
Who hath upon him still
that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in
the donation
To be his evidence now.

It was not the evidence
in the recent production at



"A PLOT THAT THICKENED IN WHAT SOMEBODY CALLS 'A MEDIEVAL COWSHED' NEAR LAND'S END, CORNWALL": "SWEET PERIL" (ST. JAMES'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT I, IN WHICH SOME EXCITING PARCELS ARRIVE FROM AMERICA. (L. TO R.) CLIVE JEVONS (MICHAEL DENISON); ROBINA JEVONS (DULCIE GRAY); MRS. JEVONS (MARIE LÖHR); DIGORY (GEORGE WOODBRIDGE) AND BRODRIGG (BRIAN HARDING).

let me note simply that the scene is a manor in Berkshire that has just been opened as a guest-house. It is December. Berkshire has been smothered in a blizzard, and when a police-officer arrives at the amateurishly-run place, he has to come on skis. Why does he come? Just because there has been a murder in London and, so he hazards, there will soon be a murder at Monkswell Manor.

There we rest. The world is under snow. The house is unapproachable unless all Berkshire resolves to turn up on skis. We learn that, for good reasons, even communication by telephone is impossible. In this tight little world someone must be murdered. But who is the victim? Someone must be the murderer. But who is the culprit? And why? These are questions, as we recall from such a



"A GAME OF MIXED DOUBLES IN A COTTAGE NEAR LAND'S END," WHICH OWES MUCH TO THE CAST: "SWEET PERIL," BY MARY ORR AND REGINALD DENHAM, SHOWING THE UNUSUAL MEETING BETWEEN CLIVE (MICHAEL DENISON) AND THE AMERICAN CHESTER AMES (RON RANDELL—RIGHT). ROBINA (DULCIE GRAY) AND MARIANNE AMES (MARGOT STEVENSON—LEFT CENTRE) LOOK ON WITH AMUSEMENT.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"A KISS FOR ADELE" (Royal Court).—Adele came from French farce to be a Welsh maid (with second sight) in darkest Hampstead. In an English version (by Talbot Rothwell and Ted Willis) of a Parisian farce, she has not stood the journey unharmed, though Charlotte Mitchell, as probably the least domesticated servant in existence, acted loyally, sometimes with success. Others in the cast pegged away gallantly but uneventfully, without getting us to believe that this was a comedy to remember. (November 26.)
"CYMBELINE" (Sloane School).—Shakespeare (four acts) and Shaw (one) joined hands in the latest adventure of Mr. Guy Boas's schoolboys. It was a performance of genuine ardour, and Godfrey Philipp's Imogen was an intelligent effort by a boy to play a girl who masquerades as a page and who has some of Shakespeare's difficult late verse. (November 27–December 3.)
"THE RIVER LINE" (Strand).—Phil Brown, acting with integrity and power, follows Paul Scofield as the young American in Charles Morgan's play of a wartime escape and its aftermath. (December 1.)
"MY FRIEND THE ENEMY" (New Boltons).—The theme is racial misunderstanding, prejudice, hatred. Sheila Hodgson is here a sincere but unsuited dramatist, and her play has to depend upon its excellent performance (Miriam Karlin is especially sound) and to fight down a feeble set. (December 2.)
"SWEET PERIL" (St. James's).—Mary Orr and Reginald Denham, who have organised this game of mixed doubles in a cottage near Land's End, also owe much to their cast, to Dulcie Gray, Michael Denison, Marie Löhr, and an American newcomer of real charm, Margot Stevenson. (December 3.)

Michael Denison acted acutely would ever have made the front page of "The Times Literary Supplement." And I was not over-impressed by the Cornish local colour ("figgy-duffs" for tea).

Yet the play, thanks to its acting and to Norman Marshall's care in production, had its virtues as an entertainment. Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, as a pair of English writers; Ron Randell and the delightful Margot Stevenson as an American publisher and wife; Marie Löhr as an English mother-in-law, and George Woodbridge as a Cornish gardener with a good-earth voice, kept us all happy. The plot thickened; we did not care. It was the actors' night out; to them the laurel.

A FAIRY-TALE TELLER ON THE SCREEN: "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."



(ABOVE.) THE BALLET OF "THE LITTLE MERMAID": THE PRINCE (ROLAND PETIT) BEING BORNE AWAY BY FISHERMEN AFTER HE HAS BEEN FOUND UNCONSCIOUS ON THE BEACH.



THE IMMORTAL DANISH FAIRY-TALE TELLER AS HE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN: DANNY KAYE AS HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, WITH HIS RAPT AUDIENCE.

THE film "Hans Christian Andersen," with Danny Kaye in the title-rôle, a Samuel Goldwyn production (R.K.O. Radio), is not a biography of the famous Danish poet (1805-1875) whose fairy-tales have delighted generations of children in many countries; but is intended to present his philosophy of life. Much time is devoted to ballet, and the dance sequences introduced are a classical Ice Skating Ballet, two fantasies with Jeanmaire, the French ballerina, and Danny Kaye and Farley Granger; and an interpretation of Andersen's story "The Little Mermaid." The ballets are by Roland Petit, founder of the Ballet de Paris, who dances the rôle of the Prince in "The Little Mermaid." The gala *première* of the film was fixed for Friday, December 19, at the Carlton, Haymarket, in aid of the Scottish Veterans' Association, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester graciously arranged to attend.

THE LITTLE MERMAID VISITS THE WITCHES OF THE SEA: JEANMAIRE IN THE BALLET WHICH IS INCORPORATED IN THE SCREEN STORY OF "HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN." (BELOW.)



(ABOVE.) AN UNDER-THE-SEA SEQUENCE: MERMAIDS APPARENTLY FLOATING IN THE WATER AS THEY (RIGHT) DANCE IN "THE LITTLE MERMAID" BALLET. A WRECKED BOAT LIES ON THE OCEAN FLOOR. (RIGHT.) ARMED WITH THE MAGIC VEIL WHICH WILL TRANSFORM HER INTO A HUMAN BEING WORTHY OF THE PRINCE'S LOVE: JEANMAIRE AS THE LITTLE MERMAID.



ONE OF THE LAST OF THE SINHALESE CAPITALS: THE ROCK CITADEL AND GRANITE PORTALS OF LITTLE-KNOWN YAPAHUWA.

By IRIS DARNTON, the well-known ornithologist and world-wide traveller, whose article on *The Kaieteur Fall*, in British Guiana, appeared in our issue of July 7, 1951.

THE ruins of Yapahuwa, in Ceylon, are the ruins of a city of despair, for it was here that the Sinhalese made one of their last concerted stands against the overwhelming hordes from Southern India, who had already laid waste Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, further to the north. Both these wondrous cities of great temples and elaborate palaces had borne witness to the Golden Age of Ceylon's greatness in culture and religious fervour; but now, in the fourteenth century, after many years of battling against the Hindu invaders, the Sinhalese were retreating ever further south. Nevertheless, although harried and pursued, they still retained their genius and their enthusiasm in the construction of fine buildings, adorned with granite carvings, which the magnificence of the two former capitals and the stairway at Yapahuwa so amply prove.

its air of forgotten hopes and faded glories. The steep granite steps are hot beneath one's feet as, with the sun beating on one's back, one climbs the stairway, to be confronted half-way up by twin granite monsters (Fig. 3), one on either side. These grotesque beasts, which gaze with large, protruding eyeballs down into the valley, have for the villagers a curious legend attached to their



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE LAST OF THE SINHALESE CAPITALS OF CEYLON: THE ROCK OF YAPAHUWA, RISING SHEER OUT OF THE JUNGLE. THE GREAT STAIRWAY LIES TO THE RIGHT OF THIS PICTURE.



FIG. 2. LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE TWISTED SILVERY BRANCHES OF THE FRANGIPANI TREES, FROM THE TOP OF THE CITADEL ROCK OF YAPAHUWA OVER THE PLAINS OF CENTRAL CEYLON.

Yapahuwa was, however, essentially a fortress city, as like that other fortress, Sigiriya, its attraction as a site lay, for the Sinhalese, in the fact that its mighty bulk of rock commanded a view on all sides of the plain, and that its precipitous sides made it easy to defend (Figs. 1 and 2). It was also protected by a walled embankment and a moat and, although very little is known of its exact history, it was certainly not occupied for more than thirty or forty years, which makes the construction of such elaborate granite buildings all the more extraordinary and pathetic.

Yapahuwa rises from the plain, not far from the little town of Maho and, although its ruins were discovered many years ago, it has always remained practically unknown and unvisited, possibly because it was off the beaten track and because it has been eclipsed by Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa, whose varied beauties are now world-famous. This is a pity, as its granite stairway is unique in Ceylon, for no other of the buried cities has anything approaching it. There were formerly three of these elaborate granite stairways, one above the other, but the two lower ones are in too ruinous a condition to be of great interest.

The upper and last flight is however in a remarkable state of preservation (Figs. 5, 6 and 7). In style it shows a strong Hindu influence (Fig. 7) and, as one gazes upwards at its towering portals, with its blank windows framing the blue sky, one's imagination is caught by its strange, deserted beauty.

stony stare. It is said that, where the line of their eyes converges, there is buried a treasure from the days of Yapahuwa's past—but unfortunately for the treasure-seekers, their granite orbs are so expressionless that they might be looking anywhere!

The simple proportions of the frowning portals, backed by the so-called Porch, are most pleasing, and many of the supporting pillars are enriched with carvings; one design being most unusual, since it shows what is probably merely a lotus with downturned petals, but

which has a striking resemblance to a bearded iris (Fig. 4). From here, and from the flanking windows, a lovely view of the plain is obtained, with its palms and tropical vegetation and, beyond, on the far horizon, a line of distant mountain peaks.

As one turns from this charming landscape bathed in sunlight, one is confronted by a dark, precipitous wall of rock, which rises sheer into the sky only a few yards away. Immediately in front, between the head of the stairway and this rock-face, is a level space, which was probably the site of the Dalada Maligawa, the Temple of the Sacred Tooth. This tooth relic of the Lord Buddha has always received the utmost veneration in Ceylon, and in those troublous times was piously carried by its attendant monks to each successive capital, where a temple of that name was immediately constructed to house this all-important symbol. When, however, Yapahuwa fell to the invaders, this Sacred Tooth was captured and removed to India, an event which was, for the Sinhalese,—both spiritually and politically—a major disaster.

The ruins of other buildings lie scattered on the slopes below, but the king's palace was probably on the summit of the rock itself. The path to the summit is extremely difficult to find, as it is now lost in a tangle of trees and bushes which cling precariously to the rock's precipitous sides and in places it is so steep that one has to haul oneself upwards by the overhanging branches and protruding roots. However, when at last one reaches the flat-topped summit, the magnificence of the view well repays the hot and laborious climb.

There are a few foundations of ancient buildings and a small, half-ruined *dagoba*, which is now the sole occupant of this once important stronghold. This little brick edifice is surrounded by a circle of white-flowered temple-trees (or frangipani) (Fig. 2), their silvery trunks gnarled and twisted with age, while near by lies a small pool of clear water cradled in the rock and reflecting the sunny, cloud-flecked sky. Yapahuwa is once more very quiet and peaceful after its brief interlude of activity and strife.



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE TWO LION-MONSTERS WHICH GUARD THE GREAT STAIRWAY OF YAPAHUWA. ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THE GAZE OF THIS MONSTER AND HIS FELLOW CONVERGE ON A SPOT WHERE ANCIENT TREASURE LIES BURIED.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF CEYLON: THE FORTRESS-CAPITAL OF YAPAHUWA.



FIG. 4. ONE OF THE PILLARS OF THE PORCH AT THE TOP OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY OF YAPAHUWA. THE LOWEST FACE OF THE PILLAR SHOWS A FLOWER, WHICH THOUGH PROBABLY A LOTUS, BEARS A CURIOUS RESEMBLANCE TO A BEARDED IRIS.



FIG. 5. LOOKING FROM THE CITADEL-ROCK OF YAPAHUWA OBLIQUELY ACROSS THE TOP OF THE GREAT STAIRWAY, WITH ONE OF ITS GUARDIAN MONSTERS, OVER "A LOVELY VIEW OF THE PLAIN . . . WITH ITS PALMS AND TROPICAL VEGETATION."



FIG. 6. THE YAPAHUWA PORTAL, SEEN WITH ITS WINDOWS FRAMING THE BLUE SKY. IN THIS VIEW A FRIEZE OF DANCING FIGURES, CARVED FROM THE GRANITE, CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN. THE ROCK RISES IN THE BACKGROUND, LEFT.



FIG. 7. A FRONTAL VIEW OF THE GRANITE STAIRWAY AND PORTAL, BACKED BY THE ROCK FACE. AT THE FOOT OF THE STEPS ON BOTH SIDES ARE CARVED FEMALE DANCERS IN A VERY HINDU STYLE; ABOVE STAND THE TWO LION-MONSTERS.

On the facing page, Mrs. Darnton describes the few but remarkable remains of Yapahuwa, a fortress capital of the Sinhalese kings for about forty years in the fourteenth century, when the Hindu invaders were completing the defeat of the Sinhalese kings. Among the great Sinhalese cities, Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa are the greatest, Sigiriya and Yapahuwa are fortress capitals

occupied in the decline of the dynasty. Despite the fact that it was, as Mrs. Darnton says, a fortress city and "a city of despair," Yapahuwa is, nevertheless, adorned with elaborate granite buildings and reflects the enthusiasm of the Sinhalese in the construction of fine buildings. Now in its remote and little-visited situation it is "once more very quiet and peaceful after its brief interlude of activity."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. DRAGONS AND THINGS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SOME rather cocksure persons were holding forth to me not long ago upon the ineffable superiority of Western as opposed to Eastern ideas; and, among other arguments—some of them weighty—suggested that the fairyland of myth and fancy, all about the Paradise of the Western Hills and holy men flying through the air, and the fungus of immortality and beneficent dragons was so absurd as to make it impossible to treat seriously any civilisation which could invent such nonsense. As similar, and no less extraordinary legends are the inheritance of every nation of Europe as well as Asia, I could do little more than gasp at the lack of imagination of the modern materialist who appears to be under the illusion that the world began with the discovery of nuclear fission.

Not even a reminder that the Chinese discovered both printing and gunpowder, and painted at least as well as Botticelli and Holbein, sufficed to make any impression; nor that Chinese cooking is said by those who are qualified to judge to be as good as French, if not better; nor that we incorporate a unicorn in the Royal Arms without necessarily renouncing our right to a little scepticism as to whether that engaging creature ever existed. What seems odd to me in our own case is not that we firmly believed in the existence of griffins and gorgons, and dragons and other mythical beasts under the Plantagenets (by which date we may be pretty sure the Chinese had long taken their fairy-tales with a grain of salt), but that this amalgam of faith, folly and childlike imagination found its way into the writings of otherwise learned men in comparatively modern times. It was well enough for an early illustrator to let his imagination run riot in such matters, and for travellers' tales to find their way into the earliest printed books; as, for example, in this engaging illustration in a book printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1503—"Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville"—"In Ethyope are such men that hath but one foot and they goo so fast that it is a great mervaylle" (Fig. 1).

But in 1607 we are approaching the world of to-day; and the excellent and industrious Edward Topsell can have this curious animal (Fig. 2) solemnly placed upon the title-page of his famous "Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes," which purports to be a work not without accuracy and compiled from the best sources: "Describing the true and lively figure of every Beast, with a discourse of their severall Names, Conditions, Kindes, Vertues (both naturall and medicinall), Countries of their breed, their love and hate to Mankind, and the wonderfull worke of God in their Creation, Preservation, and Destruction." Who, then, say I, are we, to look down our noses at the Chinese or anyone else because they only invented some things, and not chewing-gum or the internal-combustion engine? As well might the Chinese make disparaging remarks about Shakespeare for writing: "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast." Of how many poetic Chinese landscape paintings could not that beautiful image serve as a description? It was a

wise man—his name was Benjamin Disraeli—who wrote: "The age of Chivalry is past. Bores have succeeded to dragons"; and since his time even St. George is no longer a familiar character, for the golden sovereign has disappeared, and instead we have to be content with the stolid Victorian damsel who stares at us from the left top corner of the pound note. (The first of these two books appeared in a sale this month and is, of course, of the utmost rarity and importance. There is only a fragment of the

vases are very much to the point, for they show as neatly as one could wish just how this particular pattern was used to enliven shapes which in themselves leave nothing to be desired. Both pieces were part of the Lord Cunliffe collection which was sold at Sotheby's last May. The vase of Fig. 3 bears the six-character mark of Chia Ching (1522-1566). It is decorated in polychrome around the centre with a broad band of red dragons amid foliage, the shoulders with a band of stylised flowers. The dragons stalk magisterially among the foliage and provide the dominant note in the colour scheme. Absurd though they may seem to Western eyes unaccustomed to the convention, they do, in fact, give movement to a design which would otherwise be wholly static. Fig. 4 is later—K'ang Hsi (1662-1722)—and here these conventional patterns are spaced out over the white expanse of the vase as if they were flowers or any other form of decoration—nor would their appearance in this way seem in the slightest degree odd. This particular shape was made to hold a single flowering spray of plum blossom; it is referred to as a prunus vase, or, if you wish to appear erudite, as a *mei-p'ing*, which means just that.

We could, of course, if we were that way inclined, easily persuade ourselves that the potter's craft is one of form and rhythm and that the type of ornament chosen is irrelevant to our enjoyment—that provided he puts on his decoration in the right places, a frieze, say, of stylised saucers and mutton-chops would be just as interesting and agreeable as a design of plum-blossom and dragons. I have heard this theory argued and by no means unconvincingly, but I doubt whether many of us can exist on so detached a plane of sensitivity—we don't readily dissociate ourselves from the normal, and we rather like to share in the beliefs and conventions of whatever country and period we are considering. So, as the Chinese inherited these various objects and creatures from their remote ancestors, there is no reason why we also should not accept them as normal; just as we exhibit no surprise when we come upon a Medusa head in European art. And that reminds me—the Chinese had their Medusa head too—the monster mask (*t'ao t'ieh*) which appears on their most ancient bronzes, and which has remained a by no means uncommon conventional design during 4000 years. In another fine vase, which was in the same collection as the two porcelain pieces illustrated, an eighteenth-century jade carver has adapted this legendary monster-head to his purpose with admirable precision. Moreover, this fine piece provides us with

Of the lande of Ethyope. ca. 16.

On the other syde of Calde towards þe south lyde is Ethyope a grete londr. In this londr on the south are the folke spghe blacke. In that lyde is a well that on the dape the water is so colde that no man may drinke therof; & on the north it is so hotte that no man may suffre to put his hande in it. In this londr the spurs and all the waters are troublous & lombere salte for the grete here; & men of that londr are lyghlye dronken & haue lytell appetyte to mete; and they haue comonly the flyte of body and they lyue not longe.



In Ethyope are such men that hath but one foot and they goo so fast that it is a great mervaylle; and that is a large foot that the shadowe thereof

FIG. 1. A EUROPEAN TRAVELLER'S TALE IN A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK: AN "ETHYOPE" WITH BUT ONE FOOT.

This "engaging illustration" of an "Ethyope" with but one foot occurs in a book printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1503, "Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville."

Mandeville "Voyages" in the Bodleian. No other copy has come to light, and the preceding edition of 1501 is also known only in a fragment. The Gorgon is from the copy of Edward Topsell's "Historie" which was sold by auction in April last.)

It will, perhaps, be possible to deduce from the above that I am by no means allergic to mythical creatures. Indeed, I sometimes find them more agreeable than living ones; and am even sorry for them (especially our own Western dragons)

when they are unfortunate enough—as so often happens—to get in the way of a rather priggish St. Michael or St. George, out on a pig-sticking expedition in a fifteenth-century Italian painting. But, to be sure, they are, in European art, mere incidentals to the scene, the villains of the piece, doomed to ignominious failure from the word "go." The Chinese, on the other hand, had very different notions of a dragon's place in the order of things; his influence, if vague, was beneficent, he brought rain, and if he had five claws instead of

four, he symbolised not evil but the Emperor's majesty. But something else happened to him and to his brethren irrespective of this symbolism which, in any case, was not very much in the minds of the multitude of decorative artists who made use of him—he became a normal motif in design during many centuries. With what vigour and ingenuity his inventors, with their consummate feeling for line and colour, adapted this highly stylised pattern to their purpose can be seen in innumerable examples of textiles, woodwork and ceramics. These two

THE HISTORIE OF FOVRE-FOOTED BEASTES.

Describing the true and lively figure of every Beast, with a discourse of their severall Names, Conditions, Kindes, Vertues (both naturall and medicinall), Countries of their breed, their love and hate to Mankind, and the wonderfull worke of God in their Creation, Preservation, and Destruction.

By Edward Topsell.



LONDON,
Printed by William Iaggard.
1607.

FIG. 2. "THE GORGON": THE STRANGE ANIMAL ON THE TITLE-PAGE OF TOPSELL'S FAMOUS "HISTORIE OF FOVRE-FOOTED BEASTES."

"The Historie of Foure-Footed Beastes," by Edward Topsell, printed in 1607, "purports to be a work not without accuracy and compiled from the best sources," but, nevertheless, this curious animal appears on the title-page.



FIG. 3. WITH A MAJESTIC DRAGON FEATURED IN THE DECORATION: A MING POLYCHROME VASE.

This Chinese vase, formerly in the Lord Cunliffe collection, bears the six-character mark of Chia Ching (1522-1566). It is decorated in polychrome, and a red dragon stalks magisterially among the foliage.



FIG. 4. WITH FIVE-CLAWED IMPERIAL DRAGONS PROMINENT IN THE DECORATION: A CHINESE PRUNUS VASE, K'ANG HSI (1662-1722) PERIOD.

Dragons have been used as a normal motif in design for many centuries by Chinese artists. This vase shows with "what vigour and ingenuity his [the dragon's] inventors... adapted this highly stylised pattern..." [Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.]

an authentic interpretation of its symbolism by no less a personage than the Emperor Chi'en Lung, who composed the following poem and had it inscribed on the neck: "The *t'ao t'ieh* is frequently seen as a decorative emblem on treasured antiques. It warns you to be ever on your guard against over-indulgence in food and drink; whenever you see this symbol on a fine vessel, remember that on your heeding this warning depends your peace of mind or your shame."

INDIAN ART IN SOUTH KENSINGTON: NEWLY ARRANGED MUSEUM GALLERIES.



JEWELS WHICH ONCE DECKED INDIAN WOMEN OF THE MUGHAL PERIOD: NECKLACES AND OTHER ORNAMENTS IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



INCLUDING NECKLACES AND OTHER PIECES: PART OF THE DISPLAY OF INDIAN JEWELLERY ON VIEW IN THE MUGHAL ROOM, VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



SHOWING HOW 18TH-CENTURY CABINET-MAKERS IN THE EAST ADAPTED EUROPEAN DESIGNS: A CABINET, AND STAND WITH CABRIOLET LEGS, WITH INLAY OF IVORY.



WITH A BOUQUET OF CONVENTIONAL CARNATIONS AND TULIPS FLANKED BY FORMAL CYPRESSES IN LOW RELIEF: A 15TH-CENTURY FOUNTAIN.



BASED ON AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH DESIGN: A CHAIR PARTLY IN IVORY AND PARTLY GILT, WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO TIPPU SAHIB.



WITH THE GIRDLERS' COMPANY TABLE CARPET IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF THE TEXTILE GALLERY, IN THE INDIAN SECTION OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, SHOWING A FINE COAT, PROBABLY WORN BY A COURTIER OF JEHANGIR (1605-27).



DATING FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A DECORATIVE CARVING OF THE MUGHAL PERIOD, NOW ON VIEW IN THE REARRANGED INDIAN SECTION OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

The riches of the Indies may now be studied under perfect conditions in South Kensington, for the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum (not situated in the main building, but in Imperial Institute Road) has just been rearranged, and presents a splendid spectacle. The long ground-floor gallery is devoted to Indian painting. On the first floor the Mughal Room has been redesigned to display sixteenth- and seventeenth-century textiles and Mughal jades, crystals and jewellery. Among the textiles, the Girdlers' Carpet, just

deposited by the Worshipful Company on loan, is of special interest. It measures 21 ft. by 10½ ft., and was given in 1634 to the Company by their Master, Mr. Robert Bell, who was also a director of the East India Company. He had had it specially woven in Lahore with his arms and initials, and the arms of the Girdlers' Company. The East India Company Room contains furniture and printed calicoes made in India for European use. The furniture shows how Indian craftsmen imitated and adapted Western designs, using ivory and other native materials.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT seems that for urbane and philosophic knowingness, for shrewd, yet mellow, criticism of the human scene, the retired seaman stands alone. At any rate, he does in fiction. There he is not merely a raconteur, as one might well expect, but the most civilised, the blandest of raconteurs. Nature or Conrad—I don't know which of them supplied the mould; but Mr. Spenlove certainly came out of it. Also, he has a strong suit of his own, being, as it were, responsible for the United States. And "The Adopted," by William McFee (Faber; 12s. 6d.), gives him the rôle of *compère* to an all-American predicament.

Which is, of course, right up his street. By now, he has no private cares; he is a family man, a country gentleman, living in Essex, moving in somewhat literary circles—for his wife's mother is a kind of novelist. Then "Bud" drops in, over the wall at midnight. Bud is a militant, defiant Yankee, with a crop of hates. To him, all "furriners" are anathema—"Limeys" included. He has just chucked a promising career at sea, to join a grubby little freighter which is "all-American." And yet back home, this rabid youth adopted Mr. Spenlove as an uncle. Indeed, his yearning for relations is the whole point. He was himself adopted from an orphanage—and by a pair of cranks, of isolated English misfits. At school, he was derided as a founding by a pack of "furriners." The Youngers' Englishness is prehistoric, even grotesque; yet they expected "William Caxton" to grow up in it. He felt himself done out of an American milieu, an American career. His xenophobia and his delight in a fictitious uncle have the same root.

Bud went to sea as an escape; but he arrives this midnight on a pilgrimage. Lately, his world has been transformed. A girl he picked up on a cruise—and subsequently dropped as Jewish—has dug into the records of the Home, and found a sister for him. Maggie was taken by another family, brought up American, and sent to college. Her foster-parents are both dead, and now, after a separation from a salesman-husband, she has made good as a career-girl. Bud went to see her in New York—and found a star. Henceforth, his aim is to be with her always. Maggie, however, put him off; she was just going to England for six months, as secretary to a Mrs. Granby—Amelia Tattersall, the thriller queen—and she said "Wait a while." Well, now it is a while, and here he is.

A sister who is not a sister; two young, lone creatures meeting in a foreign land—and one a sister, yet a star. Could you, asks Mrs. Spenlove's mother, use a theme like that? In Mr. Spenlove's view, "if you know how to handle it, you can use anything." And indeed so we find. Here Maggie's problem with her brother is not more delicate than her involvement with the thriller-queen, in the hysteric backwash of creation. Yet the effect is utterly discreet. How far the problem has been "handled" is another thing; I should describe it rather as evaded, with consummate art.

And now, America from the inside—fresh, aboriginal, unmixed. In "Winds of Morning," by H. L. Davis (Cassell; 15s.), we are in the wilds of Oregon. But now the taming process has begun; the "stretch" has worked out of the country. Or so it seems to the young hero and narrator. In this, the squalid aftermath of pioneering, he can see no heroic choices; so, *faute de mieux*, he has become an under-sheriff, and spends his time serving divorce complaints. Of course, not all the time. There is the day Ves. Busick rides into an Indian camp, and starts shooting the dogs. When they are all dispatched, he finds that old Piute Charlie has been shot as well. Then the squaws round on him, and the young deputy arrests him, in the nick of time. Busick, however, owes a lot of cash, and so the verdict is "Not Guilty." For if they turn him loose, there is at least a chance of his paying up.

And after that—since he is known as a "bad actor," and has vowed revenge—the young man gets a distant job. He is to move a bunch of horses into open country, and see after their ancient herd. Old Hendricks has come off a train, and has been working merely for his keep. But he is said to have relations in the country. If he is past it and in need of care, they should be made to take him.

But Hendricks is not past it; he is a green, tough, crotchety, unbending relic of forgotten times. And he is not alone; he has acquired a deerlike Mexican by way of *chela*. The three set off together through a land of ghosts, peopled by Hendricks' narratives at every turn; and come at last, with many incidents and revelations, to a house of murder. The plot is artfully contrived; yet it is all fresh air, all life, and idiom, and freedom. It is an enchanting book.

"The Trial of Bébé Donge," by Georges Simenon (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 9s. 6d.), confirms my view that mellowness is setting in. Though one might hardly think so at a glance. One Sunday afternoon at La Châtaigneraie, the Donges' country house, Bébé, the frail and exquisite young wife, poisons her husband's coffee. Under his very nose (he almost saw her do it) and in full divan. One moment all is peace; the next, François is writhing at death's door. While Bébé owns her guilt and waits calmly to be fetched away.

But this is not a murder story; it is a romance. François, like all the Donges, has been a devotee of prose and reason. He is shrewd, sensual, energetic, and he has found his dreaming wife rather a bore. So he just left her to it. But now "his mind turns round"; he feels a rush, not of surprise, still less of indignation, but of admiring sympathy. Which sets him brooding on their married life. . . . Arsenic as a hint to husbands. It makes one laugh, if one is frivolous and English. But it is brilliantly worked out, with perfect fairness to both sides: though I liked François best.

"Ways and Means," by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.), may be a disappointment to some readers, since it is not one tale but four—and loose at that, for one might call the fourth a group of three. However, the chief characters persist; so does the topic; so do the familiar charms—the writer's wit, his ingenuity, his turn for law, his penchant for the shady-debonair, and his engaging style, so light, so sensible, so unexpected. The trouble is, one can say hardly anything about the matter without saying too much. But, I may add, in lieu of continuity we enjoy change of scene—one story, for example, deals with an "art experiment."—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MOUNTAINEERING—HOT AND COLD.

TOO much can never be written about the high peaks. There is a poetry of the mountains, but it is epic poetry; there is romance, but it is the romance of chivalry and endurance, not of dalliance; there is philosophy, but it is not the philosophy of the library and the lecture-room—it is the awe and the exultation, the unshakeable faith of the man who has lifted up his eyes to the hills and there confronted Truth. Experience of this kind is individual, and therefore everyone who writes about mountains has something to contribute which belongs to him and to no one else. M. Maurice Herzog, who writes of his French team's conquest of the 8000-metre Annapurna, the highest summit yet attained, tells a straight story without trimmings. Those who, like myself, are best acquainted with the well-charted Alps, will be surprised to learn how difficult it was to

find this great Himalayan peak, and how much patient work is necessary before the base camp is pitched and the assault begins. M. Herzog spares his readers nothing of the horrors of frost-bite, and of the agonies which he and his companions had to endure on their return journey. His book, "Annapurna" (Jonathan Cape; 15s.), is illustrated with some of the best action photographs that I have ever seen.

Mountain-lover though I am, I confess to no great passion for active volcanoes. This, it seems to me, is an altogether specialised branch of climbing and exploration, which demands qualities little short of infernal, or Tartarean. Virgil and Dante, indeed, claimed to have gazed into Hell, but they gave no very alluring account of it. Empedocles, as M. Tazieff, author of "Craters of Fire" (Hamish Hamilton; 15s.), reminds us, used to spend his time brooding over Etna, and it is piquant to find that legendary and somewhat bizarre figure praised as the first volcanologist. But M. Tazieff's Christian name is Haroun; and we must not be surprised if he pursues 1001 strange adventures—even if some of them take place by day, and none of them in Arabia. His book is full of interest and excitement, delicately spiced with a pretty sense of humour, for M. Tazieff is fully aware that volcanologists are open to kindly mockery. I strongly endorse the heading which he has chosen for his first chapter: "Not a very sensible place for a stroll."

With becoming modesty, with a high and fitting sense of achievement, with reverence and pride in tradition, yet with a charming lightness of touch contributed by their author, Mr. David Keir, the publishing house of Collins have traced the history of their 130 years of business life, in "The House of Collins" (Collins; 15s.); The Story of a Scottish Family of Publishers from 1789 to the Present Day. The modern story is somewhat lightly sketched in, but an enchanting picture emerges of the whole long Victorian era. The first William Collins had much to suffer from a Scottish divine called Dr. Chalmers—"that damned fellow," as Melbourne always called him—whom I salute as one of the roughest and toughest of that craggy clan. On one occasion the Doctor found himself in a Court suit, preparing to present an address to young Queen Victoria. The meeting was not a great success. Matthew Leishman of Govan, who was one of the deputation, left the following account of it: "Retiring from the Royal Presence, the Moderator's remark made in my ear was amusing and characteristic. 'Only think, Leishman, that growing lassie to be the Sovereign of these realms. Why! she is just like a modest manse bairn.'" This book is almost too quotable, but I cannot resist Mr. Edward Irving's model apology for not delivering a long overdue manuscript: "I pray you not for a moment to imagine that I have any other intention, so long as God gives me strength, than to fulfil my promise faithfully. I am at present worked beyond my strength, and you know that that is not inconsiderable. My head! My head! I may say with the Shulamite's child. . . ." I join in wishing the House of Collins many more prosperous and entertaining centuries.

Another family institution, Hansard, has had its story admirably recorded by my friend and colleague Mr. J. C. Trewin and Mr. E. M. King in "Printer to the House" (Methuen; 22s. 6d.). An eighteenth-century printer, Luke Hansard, of Norwich, came to London and entered into partnership with one Henry Hughes, whom he succeeded as Printer to the House. It was this Henry Hughes who asked his partner the question which we have all of us at some time or another burned to ask his almost inhumanly competent successors: "O Mr. Hansard! Mr. Hansard! how will you manage this copy!" It was done, of course, and members of the Finance Committee of 1798 "rejoiced at seeing the unintelligible broadsheets brought into convenient reading pages." A century later *Vanity Fair* referred to Luke's successor, Henry, as "very familiar in the flesh to those who frequent the lobby. He has an office in the House of Commons, and edits the speeches of its members. He is a very useful person." The last mild understatement has been gratefully echoed down the years.

"Bali," writes Beryl de Zoete in "Dance and Drama in Bali," by Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies (Faber and Faber; 63s.), "is neither a last nor a lost paradise, but the home of a peculiarly gifted people of mixed race, endowed with a great sense of humour and a great sense of style, where their own traditions are concerned; and with a suppleness of mind which has enabled them to take what they want of the alien civilisations which have been reaching them for centuries and to leave the rest." All these characteristics are illustrated in this profoundly interesting study of the dance and drama wherein the Balinese give expression to their religious beliefs, history, culture and myths. The authors have written a valuable contribution to ethnology, but it is possible for the unlearned to read their work with much pleasure and enjoyment.

"Dance and Drama in Bali" is magnificently illustrated, and the style of its production makes it a joy to handle and to look at. When I was reviewing the "Shorter Cambridge Medieval History" a week or two ago, I mentioned that the price was 55s. per volume. I should, of course, have said that the price was 55s. for the set of two volumes.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OF my many correspondents throughout the world, the most picturesque must surely be Dr. M. G. Sturm, who runs a nursing home in Trinidad, plays postal chess against opponents scattered through the five continents, and enlivens his letters with frequent references to a mysterious "other self" or conscience named Ginlifter. You really need a course of preparation for correspondence with Sturm; his eccentricities might well unsettle an unprepared mind. His chess is equally dangerous to sanity, as witness the following game, played against a leading U.S. postal chess expert:

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
STURM.	WINSTON.	STURM.	WINSTON.
1. P-K4	P-QB3	3. P-K5	B-B4
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	4. P-KR4 ? !	

"The Guatemalan Attack" he christens this: "which has never yet been proved sound"—a great recommendation to Sturm! Anent the following moves, I shall only observe that White missed a great chance in 12. P-K6 !

5. P-KKt4	4. P-KR3	10. Kt-R3	P-R4
6. P-KB4	B-K3 !	11. Kt-KKt5	P×P
7. B×Kt	Q-R4ch	12. Q×P	Kt-R3
8. Kt-QB3	Q×B	13. Q-R5	B×P
9. P-B5	B-Q2	14. P-K6 ? !	P-KKt3
		15. Q-B3	P-B3

Better than either 15. . . . P×P or . . . B×KP, which invite a strong attack along the king's bishop's file.

16. P-Kt4 ! ? Q-B5
If 16. . . . P×Kt, then simply 17. P×P.
17. B-B4 B-Kt5 18. Q-Q3 Q×Q
With queens off, White's situation is desperate. A pawn down, another pawn doomed, forces scattered . . . but there was not even a plausible alternative to 18. Q-Q3.

19. P×Q B-R4 20. P-Kt5 ! ? B-Kt2
(Note the position before playing through these moves !)

At least as good as 20. . . . P×Kt, in answer to which Sturm had planned 21. KtP×P !, P×B; 22. P×P, R-QKt; 23. R-QKt; B-B6; 24. Castles, B-Kt2; 25. Kt-Kt5 ! R×P; 26. Kt-B7ch, K-Q1; 27. R×R, B×Pch; 28. K-R2, Kt-Kt5ch; 29. K-R3, Kt-B7ch; 30. R×Kt, B×R; 31. R-Kt8ch, K×Kt; 32. R×R, and Black has no easy win.

21. P×P P×P 23. P×Ktch K×P
22. Kt-B7 Kt×Kt 24. R-QKt
"There is no explanation or excuse for the fact that White does not resign," writes Dr. Sturm, "only the fact. And perhaps the intuition that a position capable of generating a move like 20. P-Kt5 ! ? might possibly turn up another surprise. . . ."

24. B-R3	28. Kt×R	P-KB4
25. R-KB1	B×B	29. K-B3
26. R×B	QR-QKt	30. Kt-Q2
27. K-Q2	R×R	P-K4 ? ?

And it does! "Inexplicable!" was all Black could say afterwards. It is the sort of move Sturm's opponents are liable to find themselves making without knowing quite how or why. Perhaps the fact that no position reached against him ever bears any analogy to their previous experience has something to do with it.

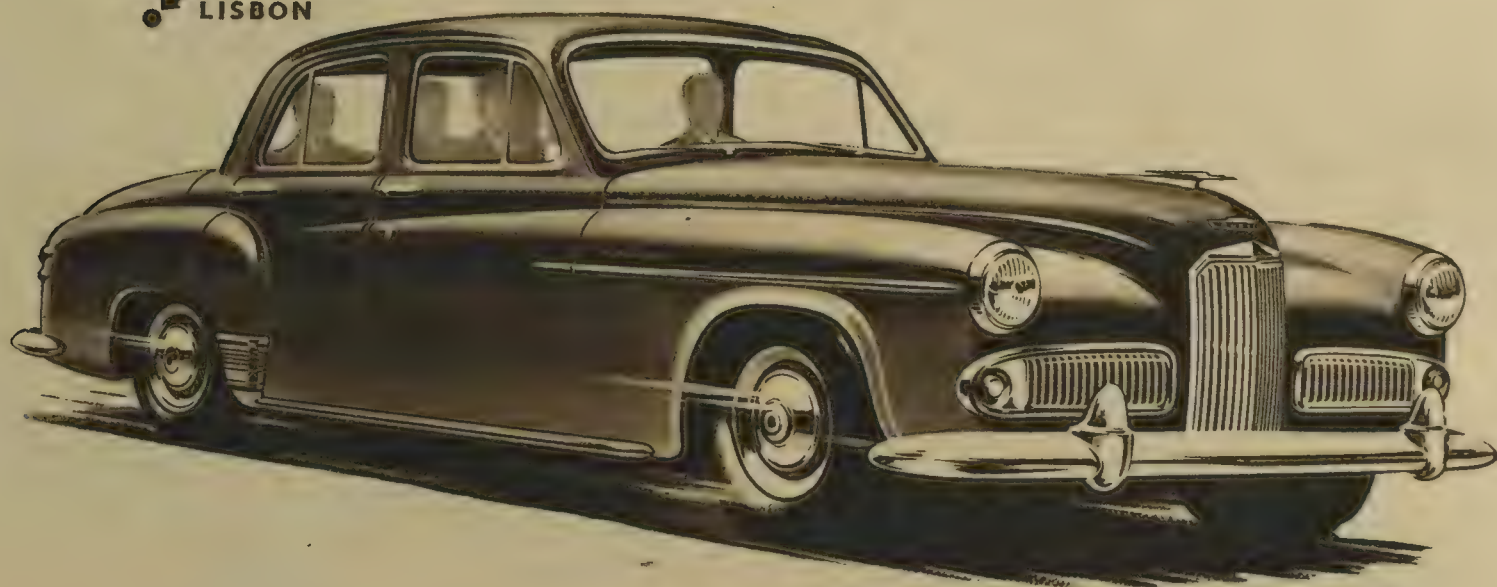
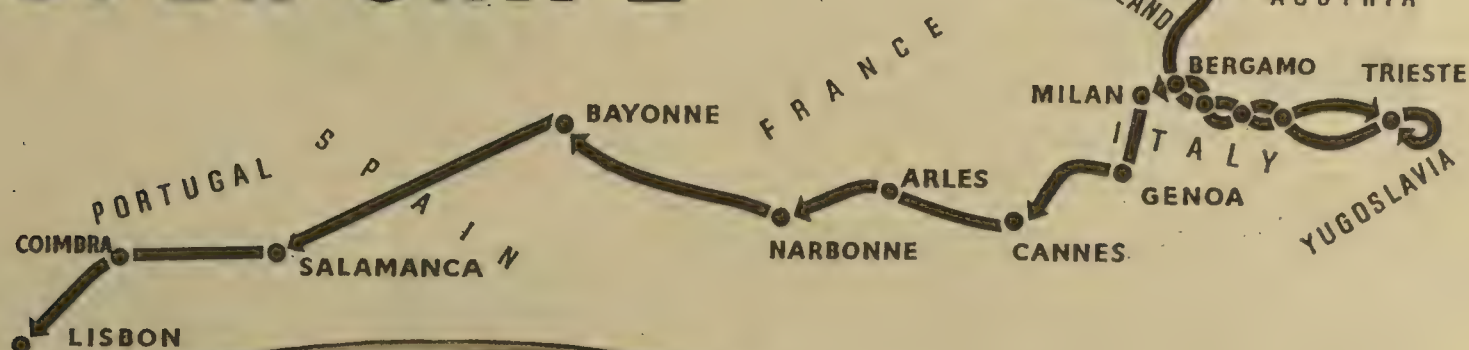
31. P×P	R-K1	34. R-R4	B-K7
32. K-Q4	R-KR1	35. R×P	B×P (?)
33. K-B5	K-K3	36. Kt-B3	R-R4 ?
		37. Kt-Kt5ch	K×P;
		38. Kt-B7ch	Kt×R;
		39. K-Q4	B-K5
		40. K×P	K×P
		41. R-K7ch	K-B5
		42. K-Q4 !	K×P
		43. P-R4	Resigns.

The queen's rook's pawn walks home. If 43. . . . K-B3; 44. P-R5, K×R; 45. P-R6 !

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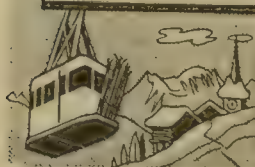
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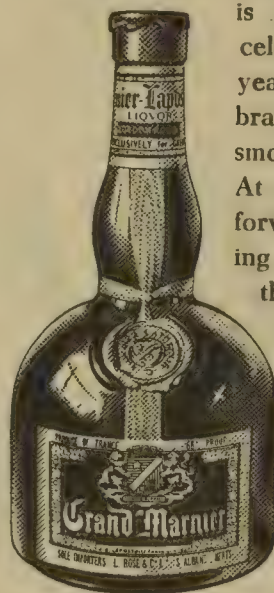
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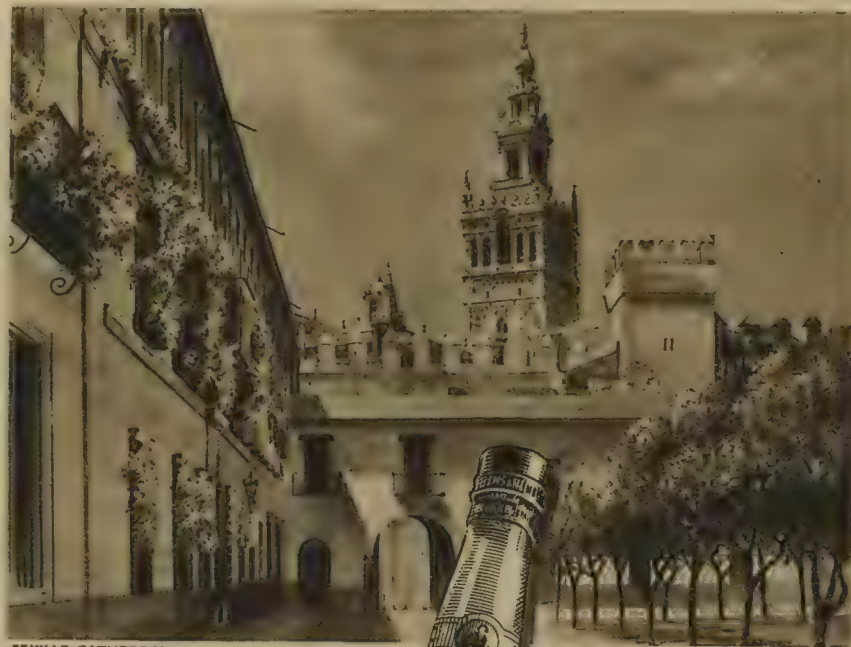
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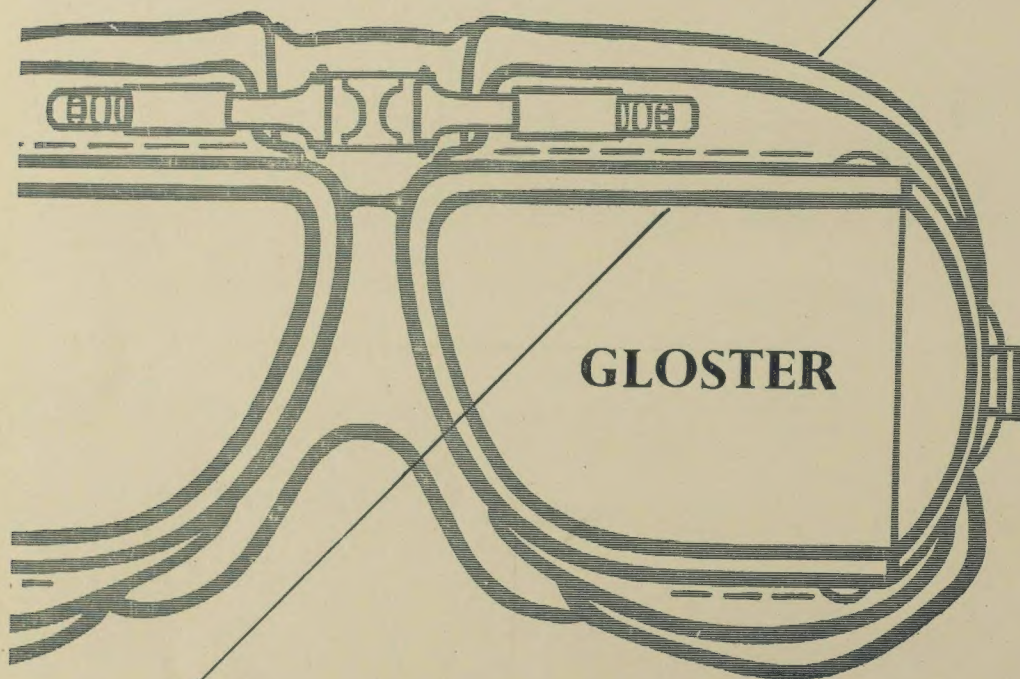
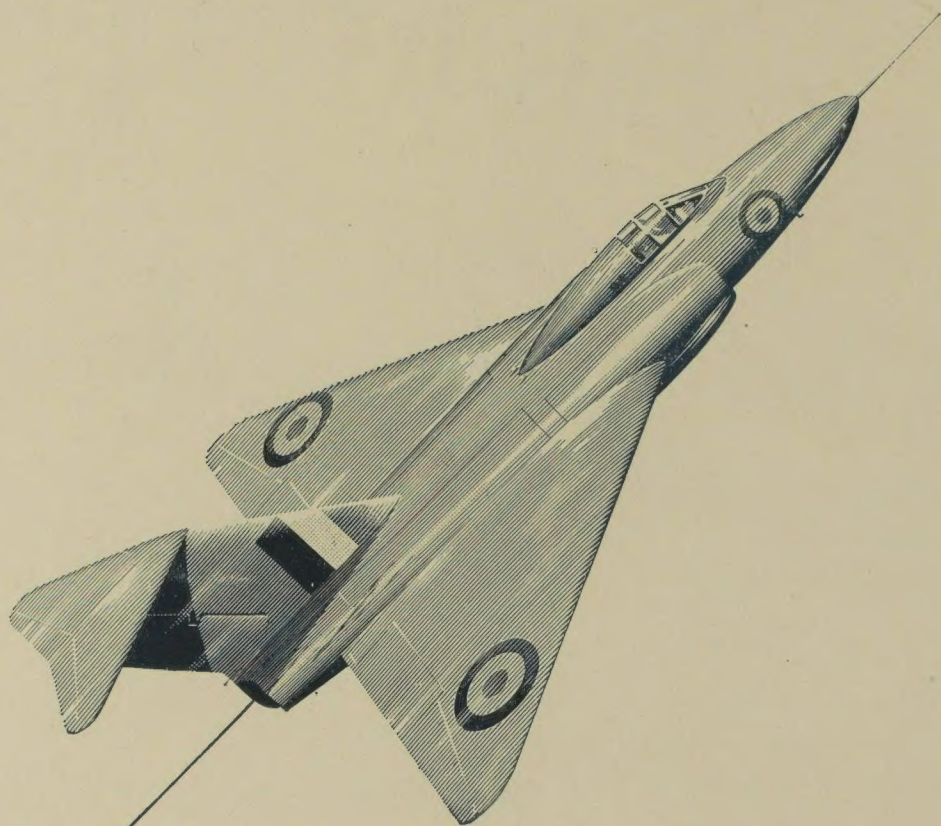


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